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Among the Mowers.

Where ripening wheat and clover sweet,
And shadows stretch of forest bowers,
What time cool breezes kiss the feet
Of laughing lassies thither drawn—
Their fresh cheeks rosy as the dawn—
The mowers' dewy tracks appear;
Their whetstones' cheery click I hear,
And seek them in these morning hours.

New life seems stirring in the veins
That bared arms show—all move in line;
With pride the master holds the reins
O'er drappled grays, whose swath afar
Rolls on as with triumphal car,
Adown the smooth, rich intervale!
From bush and shrub the sparrows call;
The smallest pools like silver shine.

Grand are the lessons taught a-field,
Where healthful toil hard hands employs!
The ear and blade such largess yield,
Upspringing through the night and day,
We wonder—but 'tis God's own way,
Praised by the children of the sun
From tree-tops in each orison,
When nature's breast is filled with joy!

—*George Bancroft Griffith.*

MARION'S ROMANCE.

The beauty of Marion Marlborough had a certain stately guise to it, despite her youth, that made her seem like a young queen, while its chief charm was her complete unconsciousness of it. That she had a lover in almost every youth who was brought within her sphere was a matter of course, but that she should fail to be attracted by any one of them herself was perhaps slightly a matter of wonder. Her mother, indeed, thought it very much so, and often allowed Marion the benefit of her opinion, and of her opinion in especial concerning a girl who had it in her power to be of immense benefit to her family, and resolutely ignored the possibility.

"When Amelia Tanhurst was married," Mrs. Marlborough would continue, "there were few poorer than the Tanhursts were; and look at them now! Her marriage put all the sisters into a society where they also married rich, instead of having to earn their own living or starve, and both of her brothers are in first-class business, and on the way to millionairedom."

"I suppose all this means, mamma, that if Mr. Adriance Desmond should throw me his handkerchief, you want me to be as eager and alert as the rest of—"

"I want you simply not to take it for granted that he is a wretch of the blackest dye, but to treat him with civility, and let him take his chances."

"Very well, mamma, I will treat him with civility. I hope I treat every one so."

"You are fearfully toplofticai to some of them, Marion," said her second sister, Charlotte.

"Well, I hate them all. I hate men who are looking you over, and taking their fancy to a handsome cheek or a rich color—"

"There, there, there, Marion! People will think you a shrew instead of a beauty. And as for Adriance Desmond, he is a charming fellow, for I know him of old; and when he brings his yacht here next week, you may be as ready to own it as anybody. I'm sure if you, or Charlotte, or Emily, or Anne, should marry any one half so agreeable—"

"Which means," whispered Marion to Charlotte, with sparkling eyes and color, "any one with half so much money."

"—would marry any one half so agreeable, it would be a godsend for your family."

And all the rest of the week Mrs. Marlborough was cutting and fitting, and getting her "goods ready for sale," as Marion indignantly called it. For the Marlboroughs had just enough income to get along with narrowly, and some of the gauds and glories of the wealth to which she had once been accustomed the mother longed that her children should have, if she might not have them herself; and she made a good deal of moan to herself that her choice child, Marion, the beauty of the whole Marlborough race, should be such a rebel in the matter, and aunts and cousins and intimates one and all agreed with her.

It was, however, the only thing where Marion was rebellious. Anybody sweeter, gentler, more helpful, than she, it would not be easy to find. Her laugh, her voice, her step, were music; she was a sunbeam wherever she went; her little world felt it would be a desert if Marion were taken from it, and yet felt that the queen must have her kingdom, let what would happen—in other words, must marry, and marry well. And of course they had all been interested when they heard that the Desmonds—Adam and his half brother Adriance—were to bring the steam yacht round to Parvisport, and spend part of a season on the water there; for Adam himself was a capital fellow, and would make almost any girl a good husband, although the vast wealth belonged to Adriance, who had inherited it from his mother, and they were both a sort of cousins by marriage. There had always been more or less correspondence in the family, and they really knew each other, although owing to the long European residence of the Desmonds they had never met. The brothers had seen Marion's picture, at any rate, and she had been set up in a shrine, as it were, by one of them at least.

The last raveling of the dressmaking had just been gathered from the carpet, when Aunt Anne saw the yacht at anchor directly beneath the windows, with her flags flying, and a boat putting off to shore. You may be sure she had her hosts marshaled before the new-comers could mount among them; and if Marion, in her half-indignant sense of the barter and sale that Mrs. Marlborough and her Aunt Anne were making, was the last to present herself, it only made the effect more vivid when she did. The other girls had been like a garden of flowers, but here was the rose herself. Such damask on the velvet cheek, such velvet in the blackness of the eyes, such blackness in the shadows of the hair whose ripples took the sunshine on their crest, such sunshine in the smile that did not come at once! "Helen of Troy," thought Mr. Adriance Desmond—"Helen of Troy could not hold a candle to her."

But for her part, she did not look at either of the Desmonds—at least not consciously at Mr. Adriance. What prejudice she could possibly command in their favor she felt for the younger and poorer brother, cut off by a whim of fate from the good luck of the other; and she was glad when she found herself, after the whirl and hurry of preparation that followed the invitation, pacing the deck by the fair fellow's side, while she used some strong language in her thought concerning the dark, stern master of the yacht, standing surrounded by a servile throng. And then she laughed at her strong language, and looked her companion over, and decided that his erect shape, his noble air, his bonny face, with its laughing blue eyes, its Greek contours, its frame of yellow curls, were all a combination far superior to his brother's looks; and so, she had no doubt, were his mind, his heart, and his whole nature; and the rebel in her rose again, and with the thought of how angry mamma and Aunt Anne would be, she turned a trifle more toward her companion, and leaned a trifle more heavily on his arm as she walked.

Take it altogether that was a delicious day, Marion thought, as she and her companion, who had scarcely left her side, climbed the bank together at nightfall, a great star looking at them out of the dull red gates of sunset; a novel and delightful experience, and her guardians letting her alone all the time, and never once reminding her that it was her duty to make a circumspect marriage and provide for the family. "It seems as if I had known you for years," said Mr. Desmond, as they parted. And so it seemed to Marion. But when she went into the lighted room, and felt her mother's approving and patronizing hand on her shoulder, and saw Charlotte and Emily smiling rosily, it occurred to Marion that there was mischief afloat. "You are a good girl," said her mother. "You could hardly have done anything to have pleased me more."

To have pleased her more! Marion was at once aware what that meant. Why couldn't they have left her to enjoy this innocent little friendship without poisoning it by such thoughts? It was apparently a part of the maternal programme to be pleased with the name of either of the Desmonds on her bill of sale. She would have nothing more to do with any of the name.

Easier said than done. Every time she tried to drive the thought of her day's companion away, every time some charming sentence that he had uttered, some daring bit of originality, some fresh, sweet, wholesome thing, some graceful deed that he had done, would recur, and would set her to thinking of him more than before; and the moment that she closed her eyes she could see that bonny, bright face of his as if it had been painted on her eyelids.

It had been arranged that the Desmonds and their friends, who lived on the yacht, should come ashore for the Marlboroughs, and for those they had pleased to add to their number, and put out at once for sea, returning when they pleased, by noon or night, having ample accommodations and ample chaperons. Judge, then, of the wrath of the household when, coming down in full yachting array, Marion was found in a morning print, not going out, but curled up in a corner of the sofa, with a novel and a toothache.

"A toothache indeed!" cried her mother; "you with a mouth full of pearls! without an unsound tooth in your head!"

"I did'nt say I had a toothache," said Marion. "Aunt Anne said so, and of course I shouldn't contradict her. All that I said was that I was not going out in Mr. Adriance Desmond's yacht, toothache or no toothache."

Mamma Marlborough opened her mouth, but just then caught sight of something in the window, and paused with it still open, and then, suddenly closing it with a snap, she shouldered her parasol, reviewed her little army, and marched them from the room.

Twenty minutes later, as Marion saw the sails of the yacht go soaring round the point, a face appeared through the vines, and a gay voice crying, "May I come in?" was followed by its owner, and the object that Mrs. Marlborough had caught sight of in the window made its entrance there, and was advancing toward her with outstretched hands and a radiant smile. "It was so unfortunate to be left behind!" he said. "And now to find, when I thought I had lost you for the day, that here you are! I may stay, may I not! You need not tell me you are tired, I will let you rest—that you have a book to read, for I will read it for you, and I have a nicer one besides—nor that you are not going to have any dinner, for there is nothing so delectable as bread and milk, and I saw plenty of that on the dairy shelves as I came by. So you see it is all settled, and you can't forbid me."

"If it is all settled, it would be of no use to forbid you," said Marion. "But indeed it would not do. Mamma and my aunt would—"

"Think the world was upside down? Well, let us startle them with a glimpse of Chinese Tartary. And besides, why should they ever know anything about it? What is that book you are reading? Dryasdust? Here is the new book of poems—music run mad, but sweetness enough in them to make a sweet day sweeter. Will you hear?" And his hat was on the floor, and he sat on a cushion at her feet, and melody and beauty filled the morning with his book and his voice. Then by-and-bye she went to the other room, and opened the piano, and sang to him song after song of music more melodious yet; and at noon old Margaret—who had had her hurried private word from Mrs. Marlborough when sailing out, parasol on shoulder—bade them to the little dinner where she had done her best, and over which they lingered long. And after dinner there was strolling in the garden, and then more singing, and talking all the time thrown in—such talking on his part as Marion had never heard before, such on hers as made him wonder why he had not thought all women as sweet and fresh and innocent as this; and at length a supper of the delectable bread and milk on the piazza in the sunset, and the day winding up with a ramble out to the cliff's edge to watch for the yacht, which did not come, although the dew and the evening breeze did. And he folded the little wrap around her in the dark, and longed all at once to fold his arms there too, and felt as if he had committed a profanity in the longing. But they staid there, leaning on the old stone wall, side by side, almost cheek by cheek; and just before midnight the yacht came sliding softly and silently along, every one on deck too tired for singing or laughing. "Now you must go," she said. "If Aunt Anne—"

"Found me here? What a bugbear you make of the dear old lady! She would give me a welcome. However, I obey. Do you remember I said last night that I seemed to have known you for years? If I had, I should not perhaps have seen so much of you as in this whole long happy day all to ourselves. Has it been a happy day to you? Do you know, I have half the mind to say, now I have known you, not for years, but from the eternities. I can't seem to remember the time when I did not know you. Till to-morrow, then." And he was gone, and she had crossed the field, and ran into the house, and torn off her lendings in a hurry, and was lying on her pillow, with all her bright tresses streaming over it, when the rays of Mrs. Marlborough's kerosene gilded them.

Mrs. Marlborough was thoroughly fatigued, and when that was the case the conscientious chronicler would have to state that she was thoroughly cross as well; but to Marion's surprise she was beaming as placidly and brightly as her lamp. It was not the face that Marion had expected to see.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, who, after all, and meaning no disrespect to mothers in general, was not the woman of most discretion in the world, "so fate got the better of you, and you had Mr. Desmond to yourself for the day. Or did you arrange it all beforehand, child? You needn't think we are displeased with you."

A disastrous speech for her purposes. Profane hands laid on the holy of holies injured it past valuing for Marion. If she had been made by the happy day to reverse and forget her resolutions of the night before, this remark lit them up like a torch in the darkness, and she determined, in dead earnest this time, that if she could not go away and visit her Aunt Emily, she would at any rate have no more to say to either of the Desmonds.

But, as she might have known, she found on the next morning that she would no more be allowed to go to her Aunt Emily's than to the moon, and that it would be nearly as difficult to pursue her other intention, as the whole yachting party was to spend the day with her mother, and one must be civil in one's own home.

"Two days together!" said her yesterday's friend, approaching her gayly as the party landed, with his hands full of water-lilies.

"I am afraid you will find it such a bore," she said, and took his water-lilies as a matter of course, and moved off to speak to Mr. Crayshaw, and left Mr. Desmond inquiring if this were the gracious creature of yesterday, or a twin sister of different temper. A little piqued, he thought he should like to discover. But it was in vain; scrupulously civil, she was distant and cool as the white and rosy top of Mount Blanc. "You are a person of surprises," said he, when he at last had her where she could neither go forward nor retreat, by his side at the dinner-table. "Yesterday we were the old friends of years; to-day I should think I had never met you till the night before last."

"Well—and did you?" she said, quietly.

"Have I offended you?" he asked, bending forward and looking at her so that her own eyes fell.

"Why should you imagine such a thing? Have I been rude to you?"

"By heaven! I wish you had. Then you would be sorry for it. Anything would be better than such indifference."

If she colored and paled in swift succession she fervently hoped that no one else saw it; but she knew that her companion did; and she turned to the deaf Mr. Craddock on her other hand, and devoted herself to him with a charitable assiduity of which Mrs. Marlborough never conjectured when she placed the personages at her table. "I never dreamed of an ideal of caprices," murmured Mr. Desmond, as he held open the door for her to pass through; and then he thought he saw a sudden tear spring to the lovely eye, and reproached himself for a brute, and strode after her to tell her so; but she was not to be found, and he was not certain, after all.

But here they were only in the beginning. The Desmonds and their gay yachting companions were to be about Parvisport the whole month, and in one way or another she would be obliged to meet them daily, for her family were determined to make the most of the festive season, and so the path she had chosen to walk was thorny. There seemed, then, to be but one method of putting a stop to the whole business of barter and sale which her mother and Aunt Anne were carrying on, and that was to seek the most ineligible member of the party, and conduct such a flirtation with him as would make her elders wish they had never been born. And this idea the wicked beauty straightway carried into action. It never occurred to her that Mr. Crayshaw might take the affair seriously, and so complicate matters; she rode, read, walked and talked with Mr. Crayshaw, and wondered what her sister Emily ever saw in so frightfully dull a man, when one day Emily carried him off in triumph before her face.

Meanwhile the young gentleman who, as Marion half acknowledged to herself, if his name had not been Desmond and his brother had not been a millionaire, might have been found delightful, watched her proceedings at first with pain, and then with anger, and finally with amusement. It did not take him long to find out that, however deeply Marion was engaged with Crayshaw, she yet knew every movement of his own; and that when she sat with her down-dropped eyes and folded hands while Mr. Crayshaw read to her from his learned book, it was not Mr. Crayshaw's voice to which she listened, but his own, in its gay badinage or eloquent outburst. Mr. Desmond began to see what it all meant, with that instinctive wisdom of lovers; and on the day when Crayshaw ignominiously left her for Emily, he took advantage of the situation, and replaced him before Marion could help herself.

It was on the occasion of a dance on the yacht, and no more charming scene could have been painted than was made by the masts and cordage, the colored lanterns stringing every rope and spar, the flowers, the music, the glancing shapes, the swelling sails and the open seas, the starlight, and the vast outer night, all lending the time the sensation of a delightful dream, till now, when they had come to cast anchor among some weird black rocks where fishermen had kindled a fire, making fantastic images of themselves in the red light against the dark and oozy background, as they prepared some witches' broth of a chowder, after securing to the upper shore the great cable that helped to hold the yacht broadside on.

"This is the end of the third week since we have been here," said Mr. Desmond, as he took his seat, "and the sweet girl who was so kind to me on the first and second day of my stay has never yet come back."

But to this she made no reply. She could not get away as he sat, but she could be silent.

"Really," he went on, "you remind me of some fairy story. Has any one turned you to marble? You seem to be flesh and blood to Crayshaw, but when I approach and ask for bread you give me a stone. Will you not tell me the reason?"

Suddenly it seemed to her impossible to endure any longer. "The reason?" she cried. "Yes, I will tell you, if that will end it. The reason is because your name is Desmond."

"No," said he, gravely, "that will not end it. Is not Desmond a good name? Why does that debar me from your favor?"

"Because," she cried again, in desperation—"because I am not for sale."

He stood up before her then and laughed.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "How do you know that I want to buy you?"

A hot surge swept over her.

"They are trying to sell me, all the same," she replied, swiftly.

"In the slave markets of Stamboul?"

"Of Parvisport. And if your wealthy brother could not be secured as purchaser, why you, as next of kin, and heir at law, and in the way of the rich man's crumbs—"

"Well, this is fine. And you will not be made goods and chattels. Tell me, now," he said, "if I were not my wealthy brother's brother, next of kin, and heir at law, and in the way of the rich man's crumbs—if I were just a poor student like Crayshaw—would it have made any difference for me with you?"

"What is the use of talking of impossibilties?" she said, and rose to walk away. But he walked beside her; she could not escape; and she paused and leaned far over the taffrail to draw a full breath, burning up as she was with anger and shame.

"Come down here," cried Emily and Mr. Crayshaw.

"Come down," cried Mr. Craddock.

And she saw a group of the yacht's company, who had gone down on the other side of the yacht unnoticed, and were moving over the rocks among the fishermen. She did not consider that they were lifting their arms in play, trusting in her common sense to attempt nothing so perilous. But, supposing that the others had done the same thing—or, in fact, in her excitement, supposing nothing, but seeing a means of escape—she mounted the rail and gave a spring, just as a big receding wave lifted the yacht and swung the stern off shore, and Marion hung one moment in mid-air, and in the next the black water had closed above her, and Mr. Desmond had sprung after her.

He was immensely strong, and he knew there was no real danger; he would have done the same if there had been. He had clasped her as she rose, and was holding her on one arm easily, his other arm twisted about the great cable that hung loosely now and again between the yacht and the shore. "Come," he said; and between her late fright and the roaring of the waters in her ears, his voice sounded to her like the voice of the archangel at the last day—"come; you will answer me, or we will both go down in these black waters. If you care nothing for me, Marion, I had rather go down than not. And as for saving you to be the wife of some other man—"

Perhaps it was surprise that thrilled him as much as passion then, there in the heaving water of the dark shadow of the ship, as he bent his head over the face upon his breast, to feel two warm and tender lips that met his own, and answered them. "By heaven!" he shouted. "Be quick with that boat there! This way!" and in five seconds she was in the boat, Desmond swimming along beside her with one hand on the edge, and then she was handed drippingly on board; and he followed her, and strode away to his quarters, while Aunt Anne and a howling chorus took Marion in charge, and tucked her warmly away for an hour, and then brought her a dry bathing suit and a big boat cloak, and allowed her to come on deck.

Desmond was already waiting there, and he took her in hand, and led her exultingly away. "I suppose you will demand a marriage-ceremony," he whispered, in provoking glee. "But, for my part, that kiss, with death gaping for us in the black water, was—"

"Hush! hush!" murmured Marion.

"Indeed not. Why should I? You have had your day—I am going to have mine. I haven't thought best to lose any time in fixing an uncertain element; and everybody on board knows that you and I are engaged to be married, and that the wedding day is set for the last of August."

"How can you triumph over me so?"

"Because I am victorious, and I fought a hard fight; because I loved you the first time you parted your lips; because you are my own, my darling."

What a night it was again! They sat there alone in the shadow, trembling in each others arms, sailing along the coast and up the river, the sweet, warm wind blowing in their faces, the great sails swelling out above them. What a night with stars, with violet heavens, with fragrance of salt sea and flowery shore, and with the future throbbing with all its unknown happiness!

"Oh, Marion!" said her mother, as they stepped ashore. "To think that after all my anxiety it was going on just as I—" And she became so hysterical that Marion paused to look at her, a new light breaking in on her mind just then, as Aunt Anne landed and joined the group, saying to Mr. Desmond:

"Now I can call you by your name, I suppose. I saw that the girl thought you were your brother all the while—"

"Do you mean," said Marion, "that—"

"We mean that I am Adriance Desmond, at your service, and not his brother at all," said her lover still holding her fast, as if afraid she might break away.

"And there is to be no love in a cottage and life on a crust, no idyls of poverty turning into tragedies, but you are going to be the rich Mrs. Desmond in spite of yourself," whispered Emily.

"I don't know about that," laughed Marion in reply. "Is there anything binding in a promise made under duress?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

There should be very few roughs among the Polish people.

ODDITIES.

The ancients used pitch to give odor to wine.

Goldfinches are found wild in nearl all parts of Great Britain.

The teague, or money box, of the Anglo Saxons was under the care of the wife.

The elephant has been known to die for grief when, in a sudden fit of madness, he has killed his keeper.

A snail's head may be cut off, and in a certain time another head will be formed. At least so says Spallanzani.

The Burmese are very fond of eating a variety of winged ants which infest their dwellings just before the rainy season.

A block of ice, which melted at Connersville, Ind., was found to contain a frog weighing a quarter of a pound and in good health.

The Ashantee of Africa, like the ancient Greeks, when he drinks spills a little of the liquor on the ground as an offering to the gods.

It is said by travelers that the modern Turkey carpet and the tapestry of the Biblical and Homeric era are the same in character.

Such is the rapidity of the circulation of the blood, that if it flowed at an equal rate in a straight line it would run one hundred and fifty feet in one minute.

In Thibet, according to the account of a traveler, the presentation of a silk scarf formed an essential part of the ceremony of salutation between people of every rank and station. If two of equal rank met, an exchange took place. If a superior was approached, he held out his hand to receive the scarf, and at the moment of his dismissal a similar one was thrown over the shoulders of the inferior by an attendant.

Professor Unthank, of Tucson, is alleged to have in his possession a brick taken from the great wall of China. The treasure is 4x12x16 inches, is composed of gray clay, and is as hard as granite. There are said to be several similar bricks yet remaining in the wall for any hardy antiquarian who can obtain them, but as there is a rigorous Chinese law against the demolition of the ancient barrier, the only way to smuggle a brick out of the country is to bring it in one's hat.

A Double-Barreled Joke.

The other evening, round at McGovern's, the boys were putting up an elaborate practical joke on somebody, and they asked old Captain Skiddy, who had just happened in, to take a hand.

"No, gentlemen," said that estimable old gentleman, derisively; "you don't catch me taking part in any practical jokes. I went out of that business for good over ten years ago."

"How was that?" asked the group of beer exterminators.

"Well, it was in the winter of '70, may be '71. I was living in Davenport, Iowa, and a man came 'round there giving balloon ascensions. One day it was advertised that the mayor of the town was going up with him. Now, the mayor was a big, fat man, who always wore a light suit of clothes and a white hat. This put me in the notion of working off a joke on the people. I got acquainted with the aeronaut, and he agreed to assist me in the scheme. We then got an old suit of light clothes and fixed up a dummy, which we filled with sand, so that it weighed about two hundred pounds, and would, therefore, drop straight and heavy like a man. The day of the ascension there were over 30,000 people on the ground, and the excitement was very great, as there was a light wind blowing at the time. After the balloon got up about a mile, and maybe that far south of the town, they dropped the dummy over."

"Big sensation then, eh?"

"Well, I should say so. But that' just where I lost my grip. While the crowd was shouting and going wild with horror I just laid down on the ground, rolled over and laughed until I was just sick."

"Should think the crowd would have taken a tumble, too," suggested the audience.

"But just wait. Of course the crowd made a break out of town to scrape up the remains, and I rushed home to get my fishing tackle, for it struck me that the most healthy thing I could do would be to go fishing for a day or two. Before I left the house, however, I was arrested for murder."

"For murder?"

"Exactly. A lot of the boys, accompanied by the sheriff, rushed in and collared me. They claimed that the dummy had fallen on a farmer and driven his skull clear into the heel of his boots. They said that the balloonatic had turned State's evidence, and the chances were I'd be hung by a mob before night."

"That was rough."

"Well, so I thought. I was just scared plum to death, and I begged the boys to stand by and protect me. I ponied up fifty dollars for legal expenses, and they hid me in the garret of a neighbor's house. They kept me there ten blessed days, and there was not a day but they struck me for a twenty or two for contingencies. One night the whole gang came around full of beer—on my money, mind you—and said that they had concluded, as additional precaution, to hide me in the hollow of an old oak tree about three miles out in the woods. I saw through the whole business then, and drove 'em out with a club. It was a good square case of the biter bit, I know, but they never let up calling me 'Dummy Skiddy' after that, until they actually drove me out of the town, and I had to emigrate to this jumping-off place of creation," and the captain shook his head with a disgusted air as he walked out.—*San Francisco Post.*

Shrewd Pike.

The California pike seem to be as shrewd in regard to their own interests as the human inhabitants of the State have the reputation of being. Not long since they formed a barricade of their own bodies in the Sacramento river, resting just below the surface with their noses up stream, and were rewarded for their ingenuity with a bounteous feast of the small fish in the river. These, coming in contact with the barrier, were frightened, and tried to get away; but few of them could. The pike were very nimble; they snapped up the little fellows by the thousand, despite the efforts of many to swim over their heads. The barricade continued three days. Boys were out in boats and captured many of the pike, which immediately reformed the line.

Nantucket Stories.

About the year 1818, the "Essex," Pollard, master, was cruising for whales in the equatorial regions of the Pacific ocean west of South America. One day the vessel encountered one or two whales, or a whale with her young one. A large animal staved in two of the boats. The other boats, a distance off, saw the men struggling in the water. Captain Pollard sailed his vessel to rescue them. The whale retreated to the distance of half a mile and then came with great velocity for the vessel, striking her amidships with his head and starting a leak instantly. The infuriated animal, acting evidently with "malice aforethought," retreated twice and repeated the blows. The third time it crushed in the whole side of the vessel, which sank instantly. The men went into two boats. They parted in mid-ocean, in the Pacific, near the equator. One was never heard of again; the other, with Captain Pollard on board, headed for South America They were eighty days in this open boat.

While in this forlorn condition, watching every day and hour for a sail, they were struck one day by a bill fish, a variety of the sword-fish. The blow started a plank near the keel of the boat. They took off their jackets, stuffed them into the hole to stop the leak, and began to bale out the boat. They had an ax, and managed to find two or three nails. With these they set to work to repair the place, but whenever they went to drive a nail the plank would spring; they could not drive it from the inside of the boat, and had no awl or gimlet with which to make a hole by which it might enter the planking. A man named Nixon said: "The only way this job can be fixed is to hold the ax on the outside and hammer the nail from the inside, so as to clinch it." "Yes," said Captain Pollard, "that's all right, Nixon, if we only had somebody under the bottom of the boat to hold the ax." Said Nixon: "I'm the man that's going to do that." He jumped overboard, took the ax, and held it under water against the boat until they hammered in the nails. Then he was lifted on board, almost unconscious, but he revived. They then kept on their course as well as they could, but at length ran out of provisions. Finally, after enduring untold horrors, they were compelled to resort to the sailor's last expedient, and drew lots to see who should die and furnish food for his companions. Either one or two of the crew lost their lives in this way. It is said that the second lot fell upon a slender young man, in delicate health whose life the captain could not bring himself to take, but said, "Take me." They concluded to try the lot again, when it fell upon the same person. Scarcely had the shot been fired which put an end to his life, when a vessel hove in sight, which rescued them. Captain Pollard could often be seen afterward by summer visitors to Nantucket—a broken down, shattered old man. From being one of the boldest captains that sailed from the island, he was such a wreck that if he saw two or three people gathered together in the street, or if any one took up a news paper in his presence, he hurried away instantly, for fear of hearing something about a shipwreck. He died four or five years ago. There is now but one survivor of that boat's crew, and that is Nixon, the man that held the ax under the water.

Walter J——, the only son of a widow of Nantucket, set sail when twelve years old with the captain of a whaler. One dark and rainy night when they were sailing on the China seas, it began to blow very hard, and all hands were ordered aloft to shorten sail. In the darkness and rain the boy fell from the mast. Had he fallen upon the deck he would in all probability have been killed; but he struck the back-stay—a rope drawn tight like the string of a violin—and rebounded into the water. Soon the cry came, "A man overboard." The captain felt very sad when he learned it was Walter J——. He put ship about and tacked back and forth, but nothing could be seen of the boy. Before giving up the search, however, he called the men aft and asked them whether anything else could be done, "for I don't want you to go back to Nantucket and say that if something else had been done Walter J—— could have been saved." No man, however, offered a suggestion, and although the time had been long—perhaps half an hour—since the lad had fallen overboard, the captain made a few turns more and called on the men for a final decision whether anything more could be done. He finally concluded to hold on his course; when one of the men said that he heard a cry. They listened and soon heard a call, "Keep her away or you'll run over me." Half a dozen ropes were thrown out by as many different persons, when the boy said: "Make a bow line, I'm too weak to hold on." A bow line is a rope with a large loop firmly tied in it. It was thrown out, the lad put it over one leg, held on by his hands and was drawn on board. He had fallen into the water with a suit of clothes, tarpaulin, overalls and shoes on. He was drawn out naked as when first appeared in the world, having managed, in spite of the great exertion of swimming to divest himself of all his clothes in order that they might not impede his movements. When asked how he had been able to endure so long he answered that he was on the point of giving up from fatigue and letting his feet go down, preparatory to sinking, when he thought of his mother and kept on. He is still living in Nantucket.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Work of the Heart.

An English writer says: We may form some conception of the enormous energy of the human heart when we reflect that a good climber can ascend only 9,000 feet in nine hours, that is, of course, continuously for any length of time, while the work done by the heart is equivalent to raising its own weight (ten ounces) 13,860 feet high. And we may put this even more strikingly by pointing out the most powerful engine ever made by man, the "Bavaria" locomotive of the Vienna and Trieste railway, can only raise itself through 2,700 feet in an hour; that is, its energy is less than one-fifth of that of the human heart. Of course the actual amount of work done by both engine and climber is much greater than that done by the heart; but relative to weight the energy of the heart far exceeds that of the other two.

In 1779 the British peerage contained 21 dukes, and in 1879 precisely the same number.

SUNDAY READING.

The Pathos of Life.

The pathos of life lies but little below the surface; the loving heart feels it all.

While I was in college I was impressed very deeply by an incident illustrating the pathos of these facts, which need only to be known to be felt. I had observed a large Newfoundland dog about the dormitories for nearly a week. One cloudy afternoon an old man came wearily into the yard and inquired for the dog. The wild ones saw a chance for a little diversion and so the dog was allowed to look benignly down from the attic windows upon his master. The old man trudged up the long flights of steps, but when he reached the room he saw the dog playing leap-frog with the boys on the campus. Again he patiently descended and the chase was kept up until the old man saw it was of no use. It afforded great sport for the thoughtless, but there were some among the scores looking on whose hearts and tongues protested.

"Boys," said the old man, "this looks like sport to you, but if you only understood the circumstances you'd feel more like crying than laughing. My wife and I had a little granddaughter a week ago, but we haven't now. She died last Saturday. This dog was a great favorite with her. He stayed in her room all through her sickness, and she would stroke him with great tenderness when she was almost too feeble to raise her hand. While she was dying she said: 'Grandma, you'll keep Rover to remember me by, won't you, grandma? Be good to Rover and we'll all meet in heaven;' and now grandma is very lonesome without her little girl, and she wants the dog. He ran away as soon as the little girl died, and I have been searching for him ever since. Please, boys, let me take him home, for we have nobody to care for but the dog." His voice choked while tears started in many eyes. Quickly the dog was given up; a hat was passed and substantial tokens of the boys' repentance were presented the old man, and while he trudged away, followed closely by his dog, the sun broke through the clouds, for it was about to set, and flung a flood of golden rays upon the college campus and its buildings, lighted up the old man's face as he made an adieu, and seemed to be the benediction of heaven upon the scene. I never shall forget it.—*Rev. G. L. White.*

Religious News and Notes.

The Rev. Dr. Diedrich Willers, pastor of the German Reformed church in Barrytown, N. Y., has just resigned after an acceptable service of sixty years.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist church, South, has now 830 auxiliaries, with 21,338 members, and rejoices in a treasury balance of $98,785.

There are nine hundred white Baptist churches in Mississippi with 56,000 members. Of these churches only ten have preaching every Sunday; and of these only six are self-sustaining.

A four weeks' series of revival meetings in the Cumberland Presbyterian church at La Plata, Missouri, recently closed with ninety conversions and eighty-five others making profession of religion.

Hon. H. R. Revels, the first colored United States Senator, has declined to serve another year as president of Alcorn university (Methodist), as he intends to give himself wholly to the ministry, and has become a presiding elder.

In a recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* some interesting figures based on the census returns are given in regard to the religious beliefs of the Irish people. There are in Ireland 3,951,885 Catholics. 635,670 members of the Protestant Church of Ireland, 485,503 Presbyterians and 47,659 Methodists. The Baptists, Quakers and members of other denominations number 37,315. The decrease in the ten years in the number of Catholics and Protestants was about the same—4 8 per cent. The decrease in the number of Presbyterians was 2 4 per cent., while the Methodists have increased 6.7 per cent., 4,228 members having been added to the church.

A Thief Disguised as a Noble Lady.

A recent letter from Vienna says: A noble lady from Holland landed here last week with a secretary, a maid, and a colored footman, the little set putting up at the White Horse hotel, in Leopoldstadt. The countess, in taking the best suite of apartments, intimated to the hotelier that she expected both her father-in-law and her sister-in-law, who was to be married shortly to an Austrian noble of the best blood, and that the wedding banquet would take place in the hotel. She hired a handsome carriage and drove out every day with her footman on the box by the side of the coachman. During her drives she stopped at many shops, ordered samples and patterns to be sent to her hotel, and at the same time made purchases of silks, laces, fine trousseau linen for the bride, etc., never disbursing a single kreuzer, for the colored footman so thoroughly represented wealth and inspired confidence that shopkeepers were only too glad to send to the noble dame's hotel double the stuffs she ordered. The countess also called on several jewelers, one of whom had just received a handsome garniture in brilliants, which at once took her fancy, being valued at the lowest at 50,000 florins, and the father-in-law being expected on the following day the jeweler was requested to bring the set to the hotel at a given hour. This was done, and when the diamond merchant came he was requested to be seated, and the countess took the little case into the next room, where father-in-law was dressing, she said. After waiting a quarter of an hour, Mr. Jeweler knocked at the door and got no answer; tried the door and found it locked. A noise in the passage attracts his attention. A rush, and he is in the portier's loge, where he finds the countess disguised in man's clothes and guarded by a policeman. Providence had warned that portier, and he had stopped the countess in good time as she was gliding past in her disguise. He saved the Vienna tradespeople from the loss of many thousands, and placed a set of dangerous thieves under the lock of justice. The tradespeople are very grateful, and the portier has received their thanks with many bows and salams. The jeweler, I believe, offered him a shilling, but he declined to take it.

Only a Smile.

Only a smile that was given me
On the crowded street one day!
But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.
The shadow of doubt hung over me,
And the burden of pain I bore,
And the voice of Hope I could not hear,
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,
And a face that I knew passed by,
And the smile I caught was brighter to me
Than the blue of a summer sky.
For it gave me back the sunshine,
And scattered each somber thought,
And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth
Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a friendly face
On the busy street that day!
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,
As the donor went her way.
But straight to my heart it went speeding
To gild the clouds that were there,
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies
I also might take my share.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

HUMOROUS.

Spell fat with four letters—O B C T.

The true way for a woman to drive a nail is to aim the blow square at her thumb. Then she'll avoid hitting her thumb, anyway.

"Smith," said Brown, "there's a fortune in that mine!" "I know," said Smith; "I've put my fortune in it."—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A codfish produces 3,686,760 eggs There's millions waiting for the man who succeeds in crossing the codfish with the hen.—*Boston Post.*

Sharks will eat cats if they can get hold of them. We shall make arrangements for shipping large quantities of cats to the seacoast to enjoy bathing facilities.—*New Haven Register.*

A correspondent writes: "Will you tell us what Mrs. Langtry's maiden name was?" Certainly; her maiden aim was to marry Mr. Langtry.

An Arkansas journal says that ther have in that State a spring so powey fully impregnated with iron that the farmers' horses which drink at it never have to be shod, the shoe growing on their feet naturally.

"There is a man in our town,
And he is wondrous wise;
Whenever he has goods to sell
He straight doth advertise;
And when he finds his goods are gone,
With all his might and main
He hurries in another lot
To advertise again."

Carrie was six years old and quite a model of propriety; but one day she shocked her mother by doing something very much like ordinary naughty children. "Why, Carrie!" exclaimed Mrs. B., "how could you do such a thing?" "Other little girls do so," replied Carrie. "But that doesn't make it right, does it?" asked Mrs. B. "No," answered Carrie, with deliberation, "but it makes it a good deal more comf'able."

Young man, be happy—hoot, holler, skip, gambol and snap your fingers at the nightmare of a new overcoat for next winter. Last fall a Canadian genius shivered awhile and then reflected awhile, and the result was the purchase of a box of mustard plasters. These were distributed around on his frame where they would do the most good, and while men in beaver overcoats shivered with cold he was warm and happy in his shirt sleeves. One dollar takes you through a hard winter, and you come out in spring fat.—*Free Press.*

Now the papers are predicting a lumber famine. Good gracious, have we got to go through that horror, too. Have we got to sit idly by and suffer, with no sixteen-foot board to fill an empty stomach, no bunch of shingles to cool our parched tongue, no cedar posts to fill a want long felt, and no bundles of lath to press our fevered lips? This is too much. We could stand the famine in box cars, predicted last spring, but to cut off our supply of lumber, just as we have got a new bottle of stomach bitters for an appetizer, is piling the agony on too thick.—*Peck's Sun.*

"Do you love me?" "Yes," she answered, "better than anything else in the world. It's a beautiful night for a moonlight drive." A moonlight drive would cost at least three dollars, and as he agitated seventeen cents in his right trousers pocket he surveyed the lunar orb with a knowing gaze, and remarked: "I should be so happy to take you, but it's a wet moon, and you know you are so liable to catch cold, dear." The next morning the disappointed maiden observed to her mother: "Charley and I have quit. He knows a heap about the weather, but he's a perfect ignoramus about me."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Fish that Fly.

An old sailor said there was nothing on land not to be found in the sea. There are sea cucumbers and carrots, and many other sea vegetables that look very much like those whose names they bear. Some of the fish even have names like those of land animals. There are hog-fish, sea-horses, toad-fishes and sea-cows. One very lovely fish is the angel-fish. But the most curious of all is the flying-fish, which has broad fins like wings.

This fish is shaped and colored something like a mackerel. Its back is blue and its under parts are white. When it flies it takes short flights from the top of one wave to the top of another. The flying squirrel can fly, in this way, from a high point up on a tree to one lower down. They are plentiful near the West Indies, where the water is warm. In the morning the sailor may find a dead fish on the deck. It had seen the lights that the vessel carries at night and flown toward them. It could fly high enough to reach the vessel's deck, but could not fly across it. It may have struck a boom or sail and fallen dead from the blow. After this they grow more numerous, and you will see them in the daytime.

They will fly out of the water in front of the ship in little groups, looking like flocks of swallows. Their white sides will gleam like silver in the sun. They cannot fly far, perhaps a hundred yards. After wetting their wings or fins they then can fly farther on. They look as if they enjoyed their life in the air, but they do not always fly for pleasure. The dolphin, a very fierce and fast swimming fish, hunts them in the water. When the poor flying-fish tries to escape him, the great sea-birds, the gulls and pelicans, seize them as they fly out. They are very good to eat. The people in the islands about which they live catch them in dip nets and fry them.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

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FOR 1881.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1881.

THE PRESIDENT DEAD.

Sad News from Long Branch.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE NATION'S CHIEF ENDED.

It is with sorrow we announce that President GARFIELD breathed his last on Monday night, at 10.35 o'clock.

As we hastily issued a little PRESS-EXTRA, on Tuesday morning, the bells were tolling the sad news.

During the President's long and painful suffering, he had the heart-felt sympathy of every American citizen, and now every good citizen mourns the nation's loss.

Below we give the particulars received Wednesday morning:

ELBERON, N. J., September 20—9.30, A. M.—The President died at 10.35, P. M.

After the bulletin was issued at 5.30 yesterday evening the President continued in much the same condition as during the afternoon, the pulse varying from 100 to 106, with rather increased force and volume. After taking nourishment he fell into a quiet sleep about 35 minutes before his death, and while asleep his pulse rose to 120 and was somewhat more feeble. At 10 o'clock he awoke, complaining of a severe pain above the region of his heart. He almost immediately became unconscious, and ceased to breathe at 10.35.

LONG BRANCH, September 20th.—Dr. Bliss says that the moment he entered the sick room he saw that the President was dying, and immediately sent for Drs. Agnew and Hamilton. The former arrived, but the latter could not be found, and was not present when the President passed away. The doctor attributes his death to neuralgia of the heart, which caused the formation of blood-clot, thereby preventing the proper circulation of blood. The President's remarks to Col. Swaim, who was with him when he awakened from his sleep, were: "Oh, Swaim, what a pain, (placing his hand on his heart. Can't you do something for me? Oh, Swaim!" At this time Mrs. Garfield had been out of the room about fifteen minutes, and had retired for the night. Previous to going to his own room, Dr. Bliss says he conferred with Mrs. Garfield on the general condition of the President, and that she expressed the opinion that her husband was not weary, and that he had awakened, and experiencing little or no pain. It was about ten minutes past 10 o'clock, said Dr. Bliss, when the President awakened and complained of the severe pain in his heart. The doctor referred to the fact that the former attending surgeons on the case had been called here to attend the autopsy, and that Dr. Curtis, of Washington, had been selected to do the cutting.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., September 20—10.45, A. M.—The day opened clear and warm; the ocean is perfectly calm, the roar of the surf being scarcely perceptible. The intense gloom which has been cast over the village by the death of President Garfield is unprecedented. Strong men may be seen on all sides discussing the sad event and the solemnity of the occasion, giving vent to expressions of heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved family, with tears flowing from their eyes. The scene throughout the village is not one of bustle or excitement, but one of subdued and very impressive character. Flags are at half mast, and the more prominent cottages are being draped with mourning. Expressions of grief are visible in all directions, and a general feeling of sympathy and extreme sorrow prevails.

NEW YORK, September 20.—Secretary Blaine arrived in this city this morning and is now with President Arthur. The stock exchange voted to convene the governing committee immediately and recommended that the exchange be closed at 12 o'clock to-day and closed on the day of the President's funeral.

A *Sun* extra says: Gen. Arthur was sworn in at a quarter past 2 this morning at his house. Two Judges of the New York Supreme Court had been sent for, J. R. Brady and Charles Donohue. Judge Brady arrived with Messrs. Rollins and Root at ten minutes before 2, but the ceremony was, out of courtesy, deferred until Judge Donohue's arrival, at a little after 2 o'clock, with ex-Commissioner French. Judge Brady stood on the other side of the table, facing Gen. Arthur. Grouped around the two men were Judge Donohue, Elihu Root, ex-Commissioner French, Daniel G. Rollins and Gen. Arthur's son. Judge Brady slowly advanced a step and raised his right hand, Gen. Arthur did likewise. A moment of impressive silence followed. Gen. Arthur's features were almost fixed. Then Judge Brady administered the oath, Gen. Arthur speaking in a clear, ringing voice, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States." After this he remained standing a moment longer, his hand still raised. No one spoke nor did the President afterwards give expression to any emotion.

THE FEELING IN LONDON.

LONDON, September 20.—In London the opinion to be heard expressed by all classes in conversation in the streets, on railway trains and at places of public resort, is that the event is doubly sad after the gallant struggle for life made by the President. The balconies of the American Exchange are draped in black and the flags which adorn many places of business in the west end of the city are displayed at half-mast. The Liverpool correspondent of the Asscciated Press telegraphs as follows: The announcement of the death of the President was received here with universal expressions of profound regret. Special editions of the papers published the news with heavy mourning borders. Flags are at half-mat on the town hall, on a large number of public and private buildings and on shipping.

GEN. ARTHUR'S TELEGRAM TO THE CABINET.

LONG BRANCH, September 20.—The following telegram was received by the cabinet this morning:

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.

I have your message announcing the death of President Garfield. Permit me to renew through you the expression of sorrow and sympathy which I have already telegraphed to Attorney-General MacVeagh. In accordance with your suggestion I have taken the oath of office as President before Hon. John R. Brady, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. I will soon advise you further in regard to the other suggestions in your telegram.

(Signed) C. A. ARTHUR.

A GUARD OF HONOR.

LONG BRANCH, September 20.—The following has been received:

TRENTON, N. J., September. 20.

Hon. Wayne MacVeagh;

I am directed by Governor Ludlow to tender you a guard of honor to the remains of President Garfield.

(Signed) WM. S. STRICKER.
Adjutant General.

The Attorney-General replied that the offer would probably be accepted.

THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY.

LONG BRANCH, September 20.—Mrs. Garfield received the following dispatch from the Queen of England this morning:

Mrs. Garfield, Long Branch:

Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you at this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you, as he alone can.

(Signed) THE QUEEN,
Balmoral Court.

ELBERON, Sept. 20—7:20 p. m.—The autopsy is nearly completed. It is said that the bullet was found nearly back of the heart.

The statement that the ball was found in the region of the heart has been verified, and it is stated on authority that the developments of the autopsy prove that death was inevitable and the President's life was only sustained by his most excellent nursing and constant care. Details of the autopsy are being completed and will soon be made public.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL CORTEGE.

A special telegram to Senator Vance as follows was received last night:

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 20.—The remains of our late President will be brought to the capitol to-morrow to lay in state until Friday, when the funeral cortege will depart for Cleveland, Ohio. You are requested to attend and accompany the remains to their final resting place. Please answer.

R. J. BRIENT,
Sergt.-at-Arms.

—On the 18th inst., in the Ohio river, there was but ten inches of water at Pittsburg, twenty-four at Cincinnati, and thirty at Evansville.

—The Baptists have in Asia 162 missionaries, 616 native preachers, 475 churches and 50,087 members. There were 3,191 baptisms last year.

—The Chicago *Times* publishes reports of the Western hog crop, indicating that it will fall behind that of last year, both in number and quality. The number has decreased about one-fourth; owing to the deficiency of fattening food, the animals are small in size and poor in condition.

—A remarkable mirage was seen at Long Branch on Tuesday the 6th inst. It showed all the vessels, 65 in number, going up and down the New Jersey coast, in reverse, and among the clouds. The scene was very beautiful, and was watched by thousands of spectators.

THE RAILROAD WAR.

We have no room for the lengthy articles we see in the papers, relative to the "Railroad war." The Richmond & Danville road certainly has given us moderate freight rates, and is willing to submit them to the strictest scrutiny.

The outlook of the Western N. C. Railroad, at present, is flattering, and if the work has not progressed as rapidly as could have been desired, we know that it is a great improvement with its progress when under State control.

It will be seen, from the annexed article, that the time for the completion of the road has been extended, and we think to let well enough alone *best*:

THE TIME EXTENDED.

If there was a doubt before, there is now no longer any doubt that the rail road commission, appointed in the "Best bill," have extended the time for the completion of the Western North Carolina Railroad to Paint Rock until the 1st of November. The Raleigh *News-Observer* of Sunday, copying from the record book of the commissioners, says:

On the 14th we made an inspection in person of the Ducktown line of the road, as far as Pigeon River, and found a large number of laborers at work upon the grading. The number of laborers at work then and for some time past the chief engineer reported as an average of about seven hundred (709). This force is hired labor exclusively, all the convicts being at this time employed on the Paint Rock line. Much grading has been done on this line, and the work is being pushed rapidly forward.

On the 15th, we made an inspection of the Paint Rock line as far as within two miles of the town of Marshall. The track was laid to within two miles of said town, to which point we passed over it on a train, a temporary bridge having been thrown across the French Broad, over which we passed, with our train. The grading was completed far beyond this point, as we learned from the chief engineer, and ready for the iron. The number of miles of track laid since our last inspection is about fourteen. The track-laying on the line we found in rapid progress.

We found as a fact that since our last inspection, on the 23d of June, the work on both lines has been pushed forward with diligence and energy.

It is understood that Commissioners Jarvis and Worth agreed to give an extension of time for the completion of the work.

Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.—*Telegram.*

—The great Methodist Council met in London on Wednesday the 7th inst. It is composed of 400 delegates. America has 200, distributed as follows: Northern and Southern churches, 118; African churches, 28; Canadian churches, 22; and other divisions, 32.

—Loge Harris, of Raleigh, has a very long and interesting letter in the New York *Times* of the 12th, concerning the "Great Railway Fight" in North Carolina. He says the Governor threatens to dispossess the lessees by military force, and that the Richmond and Danville people are alarmed evidently at the very serious outlook.—*Wil. Star*

AN ANTI-NIHILISTIC ASSOCIATION.—The *Morning Post* says: "It is said that three hundred Russian nobles have organized themselves under the name of 'Sacred Legion,' as a counter association to the Nihilist attemps on the life of the Czar. They will dispose of large funds and employ a complete system of secret organization, and their influence at court is said to be much superior to the ordinary secret police."

—In 1879 the grain productions of the United States were 2,424,340 bushels; in 1880 they were 2,434,383,811. It is thought that the crop of 1881 will fall short by from one hundred to two hundred million bushels. The New York *Sun* says, encouragingly: 'Even if the yield is 200,000,000 bushels less, however, we shall still have a crop more than equal to that of 1878, when we exported 234,841,745 bushels, about 600,000,000 bushels less than last year, it is true, but more than double the quantity sent abroad in 1875. Moreover, there is nothing in the crop reports from Europe to indicate that the grain supply there will be so much greater than during the last three years as to lessen the demand for our surplus at all alarmingly.

A Veuior Forecast.

Prof. Henry G. Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, arrived in Washington and registered at the Arlington Hotel. Almost under the very shadow of the weather bureau building, he wrote out for the Washington *Post* this forecast of the weather:

"Indications recently observed and gathered from the telegraphic dispatches of the day appear to me to point to very wet weather generally over the North American continent and perhaps particularly in the Northwest Territories on and after the 15th of the present month, while in England and Scotland cold and stormy weather, possibly with a snow fall in the Northern sections, is likely to occur in the neighborhood of the 21st and 22d days. The wet weather on this side is likely to continue through the latter half of the present month and into October. During this latter month the outcry is likely to be 'too much rain,' and sleet and snow will fall early in the Northern sections, with sharp frosts. In November frosts will disappear again for a time and some very fine and balmy weather is likely to form a feature in the month.

HENRY G. VENNOR.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR OCTOBER is exceptionally excellent in its entire get-up. The steel plate is a scene from Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather; it is a real gem in its design and execution. A very clever novelette by Clara F. Guernsey, and a large array of well-written shorter stories, poems and sketches, make the letter-press up to Godey's high standard. The fashion illustrations are new and numerous, and all the departments are worthy of commendation. Any of our readers who do not take the Lady's Book can be supplied, promptly, by leaving their orders at Salem Bookstore. We will furnish the PRESS and the LADY'S BOOK for the low price of $3.00 per annum. The publishers agree to start a subscription with any month you may select.

Sell only for High Prices.

"No raw product should be allowed to leave the State. Let everything be manufactured and prepared for the consumer, from tobacco and cotton to peanuts and pine leaves.—*Torchlight.*

It is here that we would raise our cautionary signals. Having worked up into furniture the walnut and white pines of the Northwest, the manufacturers are looking to the immense forests of the South for their supplies. Bear that in mind.

We caution all owners of lands containing walnut, hickory, ash, poplar, cherry, etc., not to fool away their property. If you sell make the Northern speculators and manufacturers pay for it. Your most valuable woods are certain to come into demand soon or late. Keep your eyes wide open.

We learn that the wooded lands of the State are being taken up in immense bodies at fifteen cents an acre. Is not this suicidal? Ought men from a distance to be allowed to come in and appropriate at a mere nominal price the forests owned by the State, that promise to become of much value at last, and if properly dealt with could be utilized in paying off our present State indebtedness.

The rich woods of North Carolina should be kept at home or sold at a good round price. We agree with our friend of the Oxford *Torchlight* in what is said above; that no *raw* product ought to leave the State, but everything should be *manufactured* here.—*Wilmington Star.*

—The following sentence from Robert South will bear more than one reading: "It is most certain that all tongues would be silent if all ears were not open, and hence it was an apposite saying of the ancients that the teller and hearer of slander should both be hanged, the one by the tongue and the other by the ears."

—The proprietors of Kendall's Spavin Cure have hundreds of letters on file speaking in the highest terms of the benefits derived from its use, when you find one case where it has failed to give relief there are hundreds where it has proven a success. Read their advertisement.

—The Raleigh *News and Observer*, the editor of which runs a little to figures, thinks that 8,000 Republicans and 40,000 Democrats voted for prohibition, while 75,000 Democrats and 91,000 Republicans voted against it. "And so it appears," says he, "that nearly twice as many Democrats voted against the bill as for it." The Raleigh *State Journal*, the anti-prohibition organ, says that 46,000 whites and 2,000 colored voted for prohibition while 85,000 whites and 78,000 colored voters against it. He therefore argues that "if every colored anti-prohibition voter had remained in bed on election day it could not have changed the result, for the white anti-prohibitionists whipped out the white prohibitionists, and had 39,000 votes to spare.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

—Persons are sometimes desirous to find the exact height of an object which they cannot climb or measure by any direct process, as of a tree or building or steeple. This can be readily done by measuring some lower object and its shadow and then making a comparison or calculation. Even a child can do it. Take a pole of any given height; place it in an absolute perpendicular position, measure on the level ground the length of the shadow; measure the length of the shadow of the tree; then multiply the length of the tree's shadow by the height of the pole, and divide the product by the length of the shadow of the pole. For instance, if the pole is six feet high, its shadow ten, and the shadow of the tree fifty, the height of the tree will be thirty feet. 50x6–10=30.

BALTIMORE, MD., September 15.—MRS. Susan May Bonaparte, widow of the late Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, died at her residence in this city this morning, of paralysis, with which she was stricken about two months ago. Mrs. Bonaparte was a daughter of Benjamin Williams, a prominent merchant of Baltimore, and formerly of Roxbury, Mass. She was born in Baltimore, and in November, 1829, she married Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who was the only son of Jerome Napoleon, (brother of the Emperor Napoleon), and Elizabeth Patterson. She leaves 2 sons, the eldest, Col. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, a graduate of West Point, and who served with distinction in the French army, and Mr. C. J. Bonaparte, a well-know lawyer of Baltimore.

—A correspondent of the *Tribune*, with more honesty in his composition, we suspect, compares the votes cast at the Congressional elections in Georgia and other Southern States with those cast in Michigan and some other Northern States, and says:

"There needs no microscope to see the nigger in the wood pile;' the thing wanted is to get him out. Every one of the nineteen members from Ohio represents over 30,000 voters; not one of the members from Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee or Virginia, and only one each in Arkansas and Maryland, represents so many as 30,000 voters."

He suggests, as a remedy, that where the vote falls short of a certain percentage, the man elected should be unseated and his opponent put in his stead. And the *Tribune* makes but the smallest objection to such a proposition. They start out with the proposition that down South politics is everything, and therefore a light votes indicates intimidation. If ever the thick skulls of such men can be penetrated by a ray of light, they will learn that politics is less interesting to the Southern masses than to the Northern people. They will also learn that while the heavy votes in Ohio, Indiana and other Northern States raise just suspicions of fraud, the lighter votes at the South are altogether natural. To prate of negro intimidation is merely to write one down as a consummate idiot. Perhaps some election precinct an *emeute* may occur—we know of no such occurring in this State—but the negroes would hardly admit that they were afraid to go to the polls and vote.

At all events, no such statement comes from them, and it is left to the sapient and conscienceless *Tribune* to discover the remarkable timidity of these "men and brethren." We protest that because we do not commit frauds and stuff ballot boxes like the Northern people, and because we do not take so much interest in elections as they do, we should not on account of our light vote be stigmatized as a fraudulent set.

We do not recall but one very full vote at the South, and that was in Tilden's election, when the people came out to elect the ring-breaker. They did it, but the electoral commission counted him out, and since then the people have lost much of their interest in such matters.—*News-Observer.*

—Both the scoundrels, Dockery and Church, who murdered Miss Caroline Thompson, in Alexander county, some months ago, are now in jail. Church was delivered to the authorities by his own brother-in-law, who wanted to get the reward, and then expected the prison or to escape. But the implements were taken from Church's person before he was put in jail.—*Democrat.*

General News.

—The Governor of Missouri and his men have arrested nine men as implicated in the train robberies. One of them confessed and gave clues which the officers are following up industriously. The robbers are thought to be residents of the country near the scene of the operations.

—It is startling, if true, as reported by Major Beyard, that the Mississippi is cutting a new channel for itself from the head of Red river through the Atchafalaya to the Gulf. Should this occur New Orleans would be left on a shallow side branch of the Father of Waters.

—There were over 2,000,000 of sheep sheared in Michigan this year, according to official statements from the Michigan Secretary of State, Mr. Senney. He says that the total average clip was 10,974,153 pounds of wool. That is an average of nearly 5½ pounds per head.

FORT SUPPLY, I. T., September 13.—During a norther that prevailed here last week a large number of cattle were frozen to death. Of a herd of 600 feeding 12 miles from here, nearly 300 cattle and 3 horses were lost. Another norther followed on Saturday night, and the thermometer at 9 o'clock indicated 44 degrees.

—When you see a promising colt with a splint, curb or spavin forming, thus spoiling the sale, go at once and procure a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. One dollar invested in this great remedy will save you hundreds of dollars. It has no equal as a liniment for man or beast.

—Milk readily absorbs every odor, whether agreeable or disagreeable, and catches every variety of ferment which may chance to come in contact with it from the air. It should be carefully protected against all such influences and kept in pure air, out of the reach of all noxious smells.

—At Chautauqua, the other day, a little girl was asked if she were a Methodist. "Oh! no!" she replied. "I am a Breshren, and my mother is a Brethren, too." These were of the United Brethren. At Montreal one of the Plymouth Brethren was asked why they never spoke of the Plymouth *Sisters*. "Oh!" was his answer, "the Brethren embrace the Sisters."

—Mulching is a great protection to plants summer and winter. In dry summers it helps to retain moisture in the ground and in winter it prevents the earth from being blown from the roots. There is no better material for mulching that salt hay or bog-grass. Some plants, especially strawberries, always require it to keep the fruit clean. Now is the season to secure the material for mulching, if it has not already been attended to.

—The extent of the foreign trade in American apples may be seen by the following figures from the London *Garden*, showing the number of barrels received at Liverpool from American ports from August 1, 1880, to May 14, 1881. During this period of nine and one-half months there were received from New York, 599,200 bbls; from Boston, 510,300 bbls.; from Portland, 39,908 bbls.; from Philadelphia, 9,872 bbls.; from Annapolis, 20,000 bbls.; from Montreal, 145,276 bbls.; from Halifax, 24,250 bbls.—Total, 1,348,806 bbls.

—The *Scientific American* gives the following recipe for getting rid of stumps: "In the autumn or early winter bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, and about eighteen inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre, fill the hole with water, and plug it close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and ignite it. The stump will moulder away, without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but the ashes." Try it and give us the result next spring.

THE LARGEST LAND OWNER ON THE CONTINENT.—Col. Dan Murphy, of Halleck's Station, Elko County, came to California in 1844, and may be said to have made the country pay him well for his time. He is now probably the largest private land owner on this continent. He has 4,000,000 acres of land in one body in Mexico, 60,000 in Nevada, and 23,000 in California. His Mexican grant he bought four years ago for $200,000, or five cents an acre. It is sixty miles long and covers a beautiful country of hill and valley, pine timber, and meadow land. It comes within twelve miles of the city of Durango, is to be a station on the Mexican Central. Mr. Murphy raises wheat on his California land, and cattle on that in Nevada. He got 55,000 sacks last year, and ships 6,000 head of cattle a year right along.—*Reno Gazette.*

AN ELECTRIC STORM AT SEA.—The German war schooner Nautilus reports passing through a singular storm while crossing the South Pacific from Tahiti to Sidney, Australia. On the afternoon of May 11, the whole heavens appeared to be enveloped in cloud, which made it so dark that the crew could scarcely see the length of the ship. The thunder became deafening, and the flashes of lightning almost blinded the sailors' eyes. All around the vessel the lightning was striking the water, so that persons on board expected the vessel itself would be hit. But this they were spared. The effect, however, was singular and grand, and at times the vessel appeared to be in flames in several places at once. Bolts of lightning on several occasions fell to the water within 20 or 40 yards of the ship's side. While this peculiar storm lasted very little rain fell and the sea was almost entirely still.

—A special statistical edition of the Galveston *News* shows that 1,634 miles of railway have been completed in Texas within a year, and that within two years 41 additional towns of commercial importance have been reached by rail or have sprung into existence, and that the value of the State's products has increased from $57,820,141 in 1878–79 to $95,960,930 in 1880–81. The amount and value of the chief staples of the State for the past year are: Cotton, 1,260,247 bales; value, $56,711,115; wool, 20,671,839 pounds; value, $4,754,522; hides, 12,292,052 pounds; value, $1,471,446; cattle, 781,874 head; value, $15,923,018; horses and mules, 28,175 head; value, $1,408,750; grain, 39,665 car loads; value, $6,941,375; lumber, 278,609,542 feet; value, $5,572,191; cotton seed cake and oil, $1,242,315; miscellaneous products, $1,344,728; sugar and molasses, $591,470. Total value, $95,960,930.

There has been expended during the year for railroad construction within the State something like $20,000,000, which added to the above would give a grand total of $115,960,930 as the sum derived by Texas to the credit of its industrial and agricultural resources, or fully double that of the year 1878–79.

THE FAILING OIL WELLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The most recent statistics of the petroleum product of Pennsylvania show a falling off during the month of July last and for a number of months proceding as compared with corresponding periods of last year. Stowell's *Petroleum Reporter*, of August 23, expresses the opinion that a turning point has been reached, and that in future the production will not be likely to exceed the demand, as has been the case hitherto. In July, 1880, there were 452 wells drilling and 431 rigs building, against 379 now drilling and 376 rigs building, showing a falling off of 128 wells. The estimated production for July, 1881, was 2,375,678 barrels, an amount less than that produced in the June preceding, and also less than the product of September and October of last year. From an extended review of the situation it is deduced that "unless a very productive new basin is discovered, of which there is no sign, the decline in the gross product will proceed steadily." The consequence anticipated is that "the stock of crude oil in the region will be held more firmly, and the range of prices must be permanently higher than during the last few years." The oil shipped (reduced to its crude equivalent) out of producing regions during July has been reported as follows: By pipe lines, 1,013,402 barrels; by rail, 899,371 barrels. The wells recently discovered in Alleghany county, New York, will not it is thought, compensate for the diminution of the Pennsylvania product.

SALEM ACADEMY.

Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework.

THE STUDIO of the institution is now open, and tuition is offered in the various branches of the Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework. The attention of ladies who may have leisure for study is invited.

Special arrangements will be made for lady students from town separately from those for the regular Academy classes.

For information in regard to the various branches of the course, and terms, apply at the office of the Academy.

J. T. ZORN, Principal.

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—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, at the Salem Book Store.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

—For your spring supply of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Shoes, go to H. W. FRIES'.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

H. W. FRIES.

The Revised Testament.—A few copies of the Revised Testament at the Salem Bookstore. All should have a copy. A very good "old and new version on opposite pages" edition.

FAMILY BIBLES.

A new supply of Family Bibles, containing the revised New Testament,—at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

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IRON
A TRUE TONIC
A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

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ever offered in this market.

Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley, Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal.

Best quality of Spices constantly on hand.

Soda and Lemon Biscuits, and Ginger Snaps, fresh from the bakery. Royal Baking Powders, best in use.

Canned Goods.

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CALL AND SEE US.

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West side of Public Square, Salem, N. C.
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All kinds of fruit trees and small fruit plants at unusually low rate, prices and descriptions sent free. Address

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We give the latest Telegrams, the latest Market Reports, the freshest news, interesting Articles, Stories for the girls and Farm Notes for the boys.

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Take your County Paper, and then send $2.00 for the NEWS AND OBSERVER.

Specimen copies furnished on application.

FIVE LOTS IN WINSTON FOR SALE.—Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.—A new supply of Albums at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

$66 a week in your town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, May 15 1881.	No. 47 Daily.	No. 43. Daily.	No. 19. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	4 05 a m	4 15 p m	6 30 a m
" Salisbury	5 54 a m	6 07 p m	11 16 a m
" High Point	7 25 a m	7 25 p m	1 35 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 03 a m	7 57 p m	3 10 p m
Leave Greensboro	9 40 a m		4 25 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	11 43 a m		11 02 p m
" Durham	12 23 p m		12 31 a m
" Raleigh	1 40 p m		3 11 a m
Leave	1 45 p m	8 42 a m	
Arrive Goldsboro	4 00 p m	8 30 a m	

No. 47.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily except Sundays. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 43.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, May 15, 1881.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 20. Daily ex. Sun
Leave Goldsboro	1 25 p m		4 20 p m
Arrive Raleigh	3 50 p m		9 25 p m
Leave	3 50 p m		9 35 p m
Arrive Durham	5 09 p m		12 18 a m
" Hillsboro	5 48 p m		1 45 a m
" Greensboro	8 17 p m	9 31 a m	6 00 a m
Leave	8 17 p m	10 02 a m	
Arrive High Point	9 12 p m	10 52 a m	
" Salisbury	10 32 p m	11 15 a m	
" Charlotte	12 20 a m	1 00 p m	

No 48.—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch, at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west.

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SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily			9 40 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	10 57 p m
Arrive Salem	"	"	11 40 p m
Leave Salem	"	"	5 30 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	6 26 p m
Arrive Greensboro	"	"	7 30 p m

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For the BRUTE CREATION it cures Sprains, Swinney, Stiff Joints, Founder, Harness Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Mallows Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

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LINIMENTS
FOR MAN OR BEAST.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the PRESS office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

—Heavy rains last week.

—Almanac will be out in a few weeks, containing 48 pages.

—Most of the upland corn in this vicinity is being cut off and stacked.

—The rain during last week, we are pleased to learn, has been general throughout this section of country.

—Thanks to Charles Rothrock, Esq., for a nice lot of sweet potatoes. They were the finest we have seen this season.

—It may not be generally known that it is a finable offence to tear down or deface posted advertisements or notices of any kind.

—Farmers in some sections of the State are petitioning manufacturers of fertilizers to reduce their prices in consideration of present short crops.

—It is feared that the fresh start in the growth of the tobacco will not allow it to ripen in time for cutting before frost. Hopes for a late fall are expressed on every hand.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Hege celebrated their golden wedding on yesterday (Wednesday), with a reception in the afternoon and at night. The PRESS extends congratulations.

—Workmen are now engaged in putting in a new furnace at the Moravian church in this place, for burning coal which is to be used in place of wood. The work is under the supervision of Dr. Shaffner.

NEW COUNTY.—The Kernersville *News* says the formation of a new county, composed of portions of Rockingham, Guilford, Davidson and Forsyth, Kernersville to be the county-seat, is spoken of.

—The division has been made in School District No. 33. Sixth street is the dividing line. Winston township has 550 children between the ages of six and twenty-one. 275 males and 284 females.

—Public School District, No. 54, Elm Street, Salem, numbered in 1880, 354 children; in 1881, 388, a gain of 44. Males. 180. Females, 208,—all white. Colored children not reported.

—Persons visiting the electric light in the Messrs. Fries factory should leave their watches at home, as the magnetism from the generator is said to be very injurious to the running works of a watch.

—On last Sunday a week, while Isaac Clodfelter, his wife and Mrs. Isabel Clinard were going home from Mt. Vernon protracted meeting, their horse ran away, upsetting the buggy and bruising all three of them, but not very seriously.

—The Postoffice buildings in this place and Winston and Revenue Office are draped in mourning. The Salem Academy portico is also draped. Several business houses and the Winston Postoffice were closed on Tuesday.

—The amount of business done at the depot will be shown by the following statement from the *Leader*:

Last week, from the 12th to the 17th, inclusive, there was shipped from the depot 4,282 boxes of manufactured tobacco, weighing 214,100 pounds. There was also a large quantity of leaf tobacco shipped besides other freight. This is only one week.

—We are indebted to our young friend, Allen L. Greider, of Bethania, N. C., for an invitation to the Anniversary Exercises of Eastman College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 22nd inst. Thanks.

Eastman Business College stands unrivalled among the institutions of its kind.

—Thanks for complimentary ticket to the 8th Annual Fair of Albemarle Agricultural Society, Elizabeth City, N. C., Nov. 1, 2, and 3. 1881. The prospects for a good display are most excellent. Besides liberal premiums to exhibitors, a purse of $600 is up for a trial of speed.

—We regret to learn that the dwelling of Joel Snider, near Dalton Institute, Stokes county, was destroyed by fire on Friday night last. Nothing was saved. Several students of the school, who were boarding with Mr. Snider, lost all their clothing. It is reported that about 200 bushels of wheat were stored in the dwelling and were destroyed. We, with numerous friends, sympathize with Mr. Snider in his loss.

PERSONALS.—Henry R. Bryan, Esq., of Newbern, is at Salem Hotel.

We are pleased to learn that our young friend, Paul Z. Butner arrived safely in Baltimore, where he will attend medical lectures.

Mrs. McIntosh and son, of Newbury county, S. C. are at Salem Hotel. Mrs. McIntosh graduated at Salem Academy, some 30 years since.

—Rev. J. Henry Smith, of Greensboro, preached several very able discourses in Winston during the past week.

—The Oxford *Torchlight* says:—Messrs. F. & H. Fries, of Salem, N. C., sent Mr. Mills, for the asylum, a few days since, a most valuable contribution in the way of cloth for the children this winter. North Carolina can well boast of such manufactories, and in the hands of such gentleman as the Messrs. Fries.

—Some persons choose queer places for sleeping off the fumes of tangle-legged corn juice. We hear of a colored gent, who imbibed rather freely in the above mentioned article on Sunday evening last, taking up his lodgings for the night on the brink of the precipice in the rear of Dr. Siewer's barn.

—Anniversaries of Remarkable Events for the week: 15th, Burning Moscow, 1812; 20th, Surprise and massacre at Paoli, 1777; 24th, Battle of King's Mountain, 1780; 25th, Arnold's Plot, 1780; 19th, Battle of Barboursville, 1861; 19th, 20th and 21st, Battles of Lexington, Mo, 1861; 19th, Battle of Sharpsburg, 1862; 20th, Battle of Shepperdstown, 1862; 19th, 20th, Battle of Iuka, 1862; 28th, Battle of Fisher's Hill, 1864.

WINSTON LEADER:—

Quarterly meeting of M. E. Church will be held in Winston on Saturday and Sunday next.

A protracted meeting was commenced in the M. E. Church on last Sunday.

We regret to learn that J. A. Bitting, one of the most prominent citizens of Winston, is very ill.

R. P. Kerner, of Kernersville, was struck on the head by a stone thrown from the cars of the late negro excursion from Danville, while passing that place.

Capt. Mast has gone to his native heath among the mountains of Watauga.

—On Tuesday evening last, Messrs. F. & H. Fries illuminated their Arista Cotton Mills with the electric light, which was a grand success. The generator is of 20-horse power and runs some ten or twelve lamps. The power comes from the factory engine and connects the generator with the main shaft in the weaving room. The light is brilliant, pure and white and the only objection seems to be the distinctness of the shadow. The engine has been recently overhauled and to some extent works better. To us who are not posted in such matters it seems to work with beautiful ease and wonderful rapidity. This is the first one of the electric light we have heard of in this State, and is in accordance with the well-known enterprise of the Messrs. Fries. Many of our citizens visited the factory on Tuesday evening, and were delighted with the light and the general appearance of everything in the Mill. We are proud of the Arista Cotton Mills, and the push and vim of the proprietors.

—The report that a bear had been seen lurking in the woods near here a few weeks ago; so terrified a young citizen of Waughtown that his imagination run on nothing but bears, and one night while the peaceful little village was slumbering, he lay awake with visions of bruin before him. A slight noise on the street attracted his attention, and peeping out at the window he was sure he saw a huge bear crouched in a fence corner. Summoning courage he hastened to a near neighbor, awoke him and reported to him what he had seen. The neighbor suggested that he should go and throw a rock at the object, and if it moved to report again and he would go and help him dispatch it, whatever it might be. Our young friend moved cautiously towards the fence corner where the dreaded monster lay, and let drive at it with a huge stone, which bounded in the air as soon as it struck the object. The young man was certain that the thing moved, and with rapid strides he hastened back and so informed the neighbor. Not thinking of getting guns, they each armed themselves with stones, and stealthily approaching the fence corner pelted our young friend's discovery vigorously for several seconds. Thinking they had dispatched the animal they left the scene of carnage and went back to their homes. Our young friend was up betimes next morning, and going to take a view of the night's work, he discovered that an old *stump*, which he had been passing by three times a day for years, had been literally knocked to pieces from the pelting given to an imaginary bear. If you want to raise that young man's ire, just ask him what he got for his bear skin.

—Arrangements have been made by which Stokes county will be represented in minerals, tobacco, &c., at the Atlanta Exposition to be held at Atlanta, Ga., this fall. It is desirable that all those having valuable minerals on their lands, should send specimens to Pepper & Son's store, at Danbury. This will be but little trouble and may lead to results of which you will be proud in the future.—*Danbury Reporter.*

MULE COLT for sale. Enquire at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.—True the weather has been hot and dry, and the crops in Stokes county are very short, yet there is no cause for alarm lest there should not be enough made to feed the people. There is a considerable quantity of old corn in the county, the wheat crop was the best for years, the rye crop a least medium while the crop of new corn will be in many places at least a half crop, and in some places almost a full crop; if used economically (short crops always are) there need be no fears but what there will be enough to bread the people, and keep up the stock, provided it is not made into whisky.—*Danbury Reporter.*

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday, Sept. 17, 1881.

Monday	$6,896.21
Tuesday	6,120 38
Wednesday	10,280 39
Thursday	12,036 17
Friday	14,232 58
Saturday	4,266 38
Total.	$53,832 11

COUNTY FINANCES.—The Board of County Commissioners publish the Exhibit of County Claims from September 1880 to September 1881.

Total amount of Claims,.....	$3,676 92
Stock law Claims,.....	336 00
TotalCounty tax on Property	9,893 17
Commissions, releases, insolvents etc.....	634 78
Actual amount received by Treasurer,.....	9,566 37
Amounts paid out,.....	8,331 07
Balance in Treasurer's hands,	1,235 30

SCHOOL FUND.

State Tax on Property and Poll,.....	$4,807 94
County Tax on Polls,.....	1,601 25
Retailers Tax,.....	129 00
Total amount received by Treasurer,.....	6,397 29
Amount paid out,.....	6,328 61
Balance in hands of Treas,	68 48

STOCK LAW FUND.

Amount Tax levied,.....	$3,655 87
Paid out,.....	3,658 02
Overpaid,.....	2 15

RAILROAD TAX.

Amount levied 1880,.....	$23,557 82
Commissions to Collector,....	300 00
Amount collected,.....	13,378 90
Balance due County,.....	9,878 92
Amount paid Board of Commissioners' for attendance,	244 40

COUNTY INDEBTEDNESS.

The amount of County Bonds issued in 1868 drawing 8 per cent to pay subscription to N W N C R R Co,...	$100,000 00
The amount of County Tax collected and applied to said debt about,.....	120,000 00

(The balance, if any, due on said bonds, cannot be ascertained till a decision is had in suit now pending by County Commissioners vs. the Administrators of I. G. Lash, dec'd, he having been Financial Agent of the County from the issuing of the bonds to his death without settlement with the Board.)

—The following came to hand too late for last week:

EAST BEND, Sept. 15th, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—As I promised to inform you how we were progressing on the route, I hastily scribble a few items from my diary. In the first place, arrived at Germanton and performed to a large and appreciative audience. The next morning proceeding to Walnut Cove, saw the fine bottom lands, extending for miles up the creeks; noticed the finest tobacco growing, notwithstanding the drought. In the woods along the road is the place for shooting squirrels, and our men being excellent shots, with their pistols, in a short time brought down several from their lofty perches; and that day we bivouacked by a cold spring, squirrels constituting part of the bill of fare for dinner. I was never very fond of a dish of that kind of game, but on this occasion I certainly very materially changed my mind—at least the cook thought so. The next day passed through an excellent farming section, and arrived at Madison, performing to a large and select audience. At this place I was the recipient of kindnesses from Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Carter. The next place on the bills was Prestonville, by the way the fastest place, in a certain sense of the word, for the size of it, of any place in the State. On arriving about noon, feeling very warm and tired, I took a blanket, as usual, spread it under a shady old oak, and gave our cook instructions to get up a good square meal. After a refreshing nap of two hours, dinner was announced. It was really very tempting to a whetted appetite, a large dish of nicely cooked chicken with the necessary accompaniments. I praised our colored cook, and asked him where he managed to raise chickens. Says he, "I took that one out of the wagon." Imagine my surprise, he had taken my trained trick hen. Alas, poor Yorick! The goose that laid the golden egg was no more. At night, during the performance, a man passed in, giving the door-keeper what he said was an old shilling, but on examining it found it to be one of Winkler's beer checks, good for one glass; had no idea that kind of coin had such a far and wide circulation. At these performances there is always something to laugh at not on the bills. While performing on the stage at this place, an old lady approached me and asked for a drink of water. Having a bucket full convenient, I handed her a cup. The audience was convulsed with laughter at the inordinary quantity the old lady apparently consumed. At this she says to me, "Mister, what sort of a cup is this, when I go to drink the bottom flies to the top, and I get no water?" In the excitement and hurry of the moment I had given her one of my trick cups.

The next day, after travelling over the worst road I ever saw, and nearly upsetting several times, reached Danbury, shortly before sundown, but gave a performance to a crowded house. Noticed Judge Cloud in the audience.

On Sunday was the guest of Sheriff Estes, a most sociable and high toned gentleman.

I somewhat pride myself on our gaily lettered car, and was stopped on the road in the Sauratown by a man wishing to know if that was a bran new *thrashing machine*. I felt like *thrashing* him.

After leaving Danbury was accompanied a few miles by Mr. Pepper; he informed me he had discovered several alum springs on his lands, half a mile from the old Piedmont. After a very satisfactory analysis, the Messrs. Pepper Bros. concluded, and are now erecting a very large and commodious hotel, with all conveniences, and will be ready for guests next season. I predict a decided success. On Monday night performed at Moore's Store. The next morning Mrs. Moore, a very elderly lady, took a great interest in showing me her large, and varied collection of growing flowers; everything so neat and tasty in house and flower garden, she informed me, that taste was imbued many years ago when a scholar in the old Salem Academy, and a pupil of Mrs. Denke. Leaving here went to Westfield, from thence to Mt. Airy. Performed here two nights to good houses. As in days of yore met with that kind of good cheer and hospitality, for which the place is proverbial.

Will never forget Mrs. Schaub's midnight supper after the performance, it was inexpressibly delicious. In going through this country, the severe drought appeared confined to certain localities, in some places even on the ridges find the very best of corn. As to fruit, for about a week we saw and had fine peaches in abundance. The next performances on the route were Dobson, Rockford, Yadkinville and Elkin.

At Rockford the old court-house still stands, which used to ring with the eloquence of a Morehead and a Gilmer. Arrived at East Bend Thursday, the rain coming down in torrents could not put up. That night received an invitation to a debating club in the hall of the Academy; there was a goodly number in attendance. Your humble servant was called upon to participate in the discussion. I made a few *impromptu* remarks. A noticable feature in the organization, was the length and breadth of the *goaks* as Artemus Ward would say. Passed through Flint Hill, the apple trees bending and breaking with the great abundance. The show wags on with a change of route in a few days. As I am occupying considerable space, and perhaps already wearied your readers, we will ring down the curtain, and conclude the performance.

More anon,
GUS RICH.

Worthless Stuff.

Not so fast my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and invaluable remedy."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A few copies of REVISED TESTAMENT at the Bookstore. More on hand shortly.

DIED.

At his residence at Arcadia, Davidson County, after a week's illness, on Sunday morning last, Dr. J. H. SHELTON, aged 54 years.

Dr. Shelton came to Davidson county as a young man, and by industry and close application to his profession gained the confidence of the public, and secured a large and remunerative practice. He represented his county in the convention of 18— and was one of the most public spirited men of his section. He intended to remove to Winston this winter, where he had constructed a beautiful residence. He leaves a large circle of relatives and many friends to mourn his loss.

His remains were brought to this place on Monday, and the funeral services were held in the Moravian Church. Rev. F. H. Johnston of the Presbyterian Church officiated, assisted by Dr. Rondthaler. The sympathies of all are with the afflicted family.

In Clemmonsville, on Tuesday last, WILLIE, youngest son of Edward and Bettie Strupe.

"Gone to Jesus."

In Mt. Airy, on the night of the 11th inst., Rev. WILLIAM RAWLEY.

STATE ITEMS.

—We hear of upland corn within a mile of Statesville which will make 40 to 50 bushels to the acre. Deep plowing is the secret.—*Landmark.*

Goldsboro *Enterprise:* We mention Mr. Isaac Forbes, of Craven county, who has a farm of 1,200 acres of land. He has 15 tenants on his farm. He has in cultivation 100 acres of corn, 180 acres of cotton, 40 acres of rice, 15 acres of peas and 6 acres of sweet potatoes. The crops are in fine order, and he has a fair prospect of making 90 or 100 bales of cotton. Mr. Forbes was born a slave, and started out in life at the end of the war with nothing.

—A worm, known in this section as the "army worm," has made its appearance in various portions of Wilkes, Alexander, Burke and Caldwell. It differs in some respects from the army worm of the west, yet it is very destructive to grass and fodder fields. Those who have seen these worms at work say that they move in close files across a field, marching with the order and precision of trained soldiers, veering neither to the right nor to the left, and devouring everything green.—*Lenoir Topic.*

—It has often been a surprise to us that the premiums offered by our Agricultural Fairs were not published earlier in the year. They are generally published about the middle of summer, when it is too late to compete. The premiums, prizes and medals are supposed to be given to stimulate competition, and if they were published and disseminated among the people in January or February, it might foster industry. Let the farmers see what they are to compete for in time, and then the fairs will have a better display of the products of the farm.—*Ex.*

—Correspondent of the Raleigh *News-Observer:* "There need be no fear of a corn famine. The counties of Hyde, Beaufort, Tyrrell and Onslow will this year make a sufficient surplus to supply any county in the State whose corn crop has failed. One of the most successful farmers Hyde county told me on Monday that he would contract to put on the cars at Newbern, of this year's crop, 20,000 bushels of corn at 70 cents per bushel, and if allowed until the 1st of January to complete the delivery he will make the contract at 65 cents per bushel. Both cotton and corn in Hyde are better than they have been for the last 10 years."

GOLD ORE FOR THE EXPOSITION.—Mr. W. B. Phillips, of the State Agricultural Department is again in Charlotte, this time to be with us some days, during which time he will be occupied in the collection of varied assortment of about 2,000 pounds of gold ore from the mines in this immediate section for exhibition at the Atlanta exposition. He will be assisted by Prof. Hanna, of the United States assay office of this city. From here he goes to Salisbury and other towns in the Western North Carolina gold belt.

It is learned from Mr. Phillips that the State laboratory, one of the most complete in the South, has been removed from Chapel Hill to Raleigh, where it will be situated in the old National Hotel building, bought and refitted by the State for the Agricultural Department.—*Charlotte Observer.*

—The following is a list of the marshals at the State Fair: Dr. W. R. Capehart, chief; assistants, J. A. Lenk, Jr., T. S. Koonce, Thomas Harvey, Matt. Lee, Fred. Atkins, W. R. Johnson, H. McD. Robinson, Frank Moore, D. R. Dillard, Jr., W. W. Long, C. C. Tucker, W. T. Sutton, Matt. Ransom, Jr., A. D. Jones, George M. Smedes, J. A. Green, A. M. Sanders, W. S. Roulhac, W. J. Ellington, Bennett Hester, Nat. Boyd, J. W. Earnhardt, Edmund Strudwick, S. H. Webb, J. W. Long, G. E. Webb, B. S. Graves, D. W. Thorpe, G. W. Howlett, J. A. King, William King, A. L. Hassard-Short, Nick Station, Joseph H. Vaughan, Thos. J. Wilson, H. A. Leach, J. Edgar Henderson, Stephen F. Lord, Henry C. Bost.—*News-Observer.*

—A few days ago Thomas Smith had a very narrow escape from being killed by a wild beast. He had been to the woods searching for cattle, and on coming out found himself face to face with a huge bear. The animal, instead of fleeing, turned upon Mr. Smith, and was soon hugging him for all he was worth. Being unarmed, with great presence of mind Mr. Smith feigned death and dropped, dragging the animal with him. The bear probably reasoned that his victim was now safe, and he might go for his mate and have company at the feast. At any rate he molested Mr. Smith no further, and when the wounded man looked up bruin was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Smith found that his arm was badly hurt by a bite, and he was otherwise injured, but still had strength enough to walk, and he walked homeward with the best speed possible. When near his own house the bear was heard bounding through the brush, and had but a few yards to go to reach his victim when Mr. Smith fell exhausted within his own doorway.—*Mt. Airy Post, Sept. 10th.*

—It is refreshing to read the joyful acclaim of the Northeastern N. Carolina papers. The counties of Pasquotank, Currituck, Chowan, Camden, etc., have had the finest season since the war. The Elizabeth City *Falcon* says the prospects of that region are brighter than ever before. Last year's splendid crops lifted the people out of debt, and this year they will fill their pockets. Besides, the railroad has stimulated all manner of business, and the fisheries have been quite successful.

After all the short report of grain in Chicago and other western points it is now ascertained that the stocks in New York and Baltimore are far heavier than they were at this time last year. The elevators at Baltimore are so full that their capacity for more is about exhausted. While the grain now held in New York is several millions in excess of what it was at last year, the storage capacity of the elevators of that city is still ample.

Mr. Horsely Goodman, of Albemarle county, now eighty-one years of age, the Charlottesville *Chronicle* informs us, has a lively recollection of the drought of 1806, during which he stopped the flow of water in the Rivanna river with his foot—which was not as large as it is now, as he was a boy of six years old.

—The cold winds chill the heart of the ice cart driver, and he now sits shivering on his box, a blue nosed victim of despair; the striking words "use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup" stare him in the face.

PAY YOUR TAXES.

I WILL ATTEND at the following times and places for the purpose of collecting the State and County Tax for the year 1881.

This year, there being only one Tax (no Railroad Tax), we hope the Tax payers will be prompt in paying to avoid cost, as it takes less money to pay the Tax than it will Tax and cost. After this round there will be cost charged on all uncollected 1880 Taxes. At

Widow Clinard's, Monday, Sept. 19th.
Joseph Beeson's, Tuesday, Sept. 20th.
Kernersville, Wednesday, Sept. 21st.
Crim's X Roads, Thursday, Sept. 22nd.
Hazlips, Friday, Sept. 23rd.
A. Stewart's, Saturday, Sept. 24th.
Lewis Bitting's, Monday, Sept. 26th.
E. L. Reels, Tuesday, Sept. 27th.
Brookstown, Wednesday, Sept. 28th.
Lewisville, Thursday, Sept. 29th.
Winston, Friday, Sept. 30th.
Old Town, Saturday, October 1st.
Ben. Hampton's, Monday, October 3rd.
Salem, Town Hall, Tuesday, Oct. 4th.

The Taxes assessed are 80¢ on every $100 valuation of Property, and $2.00 on the Poll.

AUG. FOGLE, Sheriff.

Sept. 15, 1881.—4t.

NOTICE.

At a late meeting of the Board of Trustees of Salem Congregation, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, and directions given to the Secretary to have the same published in the Salem *Press*.

Resolved, That in future special permission from the Board of Trustees must be obtained whenever the use of the Salem Square is desired for any purpose.

J. W. HUNTER, Chairman.

J. T. LINEBACK, Secretary.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of the late Urias Mooney, on the 24th day of August, 1881, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Urias Mooney to make immediate payment and settlement to me or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated on or before the 1st day of September, 1882, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK.
Pub. Adm'r of Forsyth County.
August 25, 1881.

CUSTOM Boot and Shoe Shop.

I HAVE OPENED A CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, on Main Street, Salem, N. C., two squares below the Salem Hotel, next door to T. Vogler's gun-smith shop.

Will make MENS' BOOTS AND SHOES, and all kinds of LADIES' WORK, in a neat and substantial manner.

☞ Particular attention giving to REPAIRING all kinds of boots and shoes.

Prices for the different qualities of work will be found as reasonable as at any other establishment.

I most respectfully solicit a part of the public patronage.

If parties living at a reasonable distance, in need of work, will let me know by postal card or otherwise, I will wait on them.

Respectfully,
G. A. REICH.

Salem, N. C., Aug. 25, 1881.

FINE SOAP!—Super Triple Scented Toilet Soap, manufactured of the very finest and most costly materials, for sale at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW.

SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1881.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

WINSTON, N. C.

Four years ago to-day we opened our first stock of GOODS in one of the buildings we now occupy. Not satisfied to remain where we started, we have from time to time added to our building and stock, so that we can safely say that we now have the most complete Store Rooms in the State. We have in use two of BATES' best ELEVATORS by the means of which we have easy access to all parts of the ten Rooms in our Block, all of which are filled with Merchandise of every description, which we buy at the lowest prices, mostly from manufacturers, and which we will sell at reasonable prices.

IN OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH ARE THE LARGEST IN TOWN, we will duplicate in prices any bill of an ordinary amount bought in any market, freight taken into consideration.

OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENTS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN WINSTON. We call especial attention to our line of

DRESS GOODS,

TRIMMINGS, LAWNS, PEQUETS, SUITINGS, NOTIONS, PARASOLS, COTTONADES, CASSIMERES, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Winchester, Va., and Miles' Philadelphia Shoes A SPECIALTY.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF

400 Suits of Mens' and Boys' Clothing
40 Cases Hats.
85 Cases and Bales of Dry Goods
50 Cases Notions
100 Bags Coffee
50 Barrels Sugar
75 " Syrups
150 Kegs of Nails and Horse Shoes

SPLENDID STOCK OF

STAPLE HARDWARE,

Drugs and Patent Medicines.

Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Queensware

in large quantities and great variety.

2,000 Dozens Coats' Spool Cotton at N. Y. Prices.
2,000 Pounds Sole Leather.
20,000 Pounds Meat and Lard.
White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

We intend to make it to the interest of every one to come and see us, and we invite you to do so.

7,500 BAGS OF THE CELEBRATED STAR BRAND TOBACCO MANURE For Sale this Spring.

Buy your GOODS of us and sell your TOBACCO at our NEW WAREHOUSE, (PACE'S) when completed, and you will come as near getting the worth of your money in Merchandise, and the worth of your Tobacco in money as you can get in this wide world.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

Respectfully,

HINSHAW BROTHERS.

May 19th, 1881.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL CLASSES OF Insurable Property, Against Loss or Damage by Fire, On the Most Reasonable Terms.

☞ Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid. ☜ Encourage Home Institutions. ☜

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.
J. A. LINEBACK, Agent at Salem, N. C.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD

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1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,
Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

GOLD Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $100 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home overnight. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages in the business fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

JOB PRINTING Of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

New Books.—A lot of new Seaside Library publications just received at the Salem Bookstore.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTCAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES,

WINSTON, N. C.

☞ Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

SPRING OPENING.

NEW GOODS.
REDUCED PRICES.

| CALL AND SEE. |

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Spring and Summer of 1881, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

Mrs. T. B. DOUTHIT.
Salem, N. C., April, 1, 1881.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

$25 PREMIUM.

GET THE BEST.

Turner's Patent Evaporator.

A PREMIUM OF $25 will be given the farmer who produces the greatest quantity of sugar from syrup made by Turner's Patent Evaporator, from one acre of seed cane, grown in North Carolina. Ten pounds to be exhibited at the next annual State Fair at Raleigh.

Turner's Patent Evaporator has been in use for two years, and is highly recommended by farmers and others who have used it. The following certificate speaks for itself:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, SURRY CO., } January 18th, 1881.

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have used the Turner Evaporator for the past year and find it to be a perfect success.

It has advantages that no other evaporator has:

1st. The fire can be regulated without any danger of risk of burning or scorching the molasses.

2nd. The arrangement is such that you can regulate the flow of juice and discharge of finished syrup with such accuracy as not to endanger the syrup from its having tinge of scorch or dark drugy appearance.

3rd. It facilitates the labor so very much that one hand can attend to the Evaporator and do good work; besides many other advantages that I have neither time or space here to enumerate.

REV. J. J. SETLIFF.

P. S. I made syrup from the early Amber Cane that actually commenced the process of granulation on the Evaporator.

J. J. S.

For further information, call on or address, W. E. TURNER, Dalton, N. C.

or B. TURNER, Bethania, N. C.

March 3, 1881—8-4m.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. READ PROOF BELOW.

FROM

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt which I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons which failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago *Express*. I determined at once to try it, and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial. I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the State. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles, who are now using it. Very Respectfully,

L. T. FOSTER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

ON HUMAN FLESH.

Patten's Mills, Washington Co., N. Y., February 21st, 1878.

DR. B. J. KENDALL. Dear Sir: The particular case on which I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months standing. I had tried many things, but in vain. Your Spavin Cure put the foot to the ground again, and for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we ever used. Yours truly,

REV. M. P. BELL,
Pastor of M. E. Church, Patten's Mills, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES.

GATES'

SHAVING SALOON.

I TAKE PLEASURE in calling the attention of the Young Gents of Winston and Salem to the fact that, I have removed my

Shaving Saloon and Barber Shop

to the most eligible room for the business in the city. Call at the first door North of the Merchant's Hotel, Winston, N. C. Thankful for past favors, I trust to be able to merit a continuance of your visits. Very Respectfully,

ALEX. GATES.

☞ I am still manufacturing my world-renowned HAIR RESTORER, and ask all who are in need to send in their orders. I have certificates from some of the best citizens of Winston and Salem, as well as other places, and guarantee satisfaction. 34-6m.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted every where to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

DELIA'S REWARD.

"It was a scandal," the neighbors said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and heaven knows boarders did not help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by small and large. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well-to-do, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take to a stranger when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it does seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who were never worth a row of pins to Delia, and there was her great-uncle John's widow a-larking on the continent, a-gaming at Baden-Baden, and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms, for no disease under the sun but old age. She'd been known to say that "her folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property." Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great aunt-niece since she was a child, when her Uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her namksake. Since then Uncle John's widow has become sort of a gilded creation, always young and beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither heard nor seen anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive, she seemed to have made no material difference to Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long sickness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poorhouse, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bedridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders:

"Good board in the country, by the river-side, at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries, and new milk. One mile from the station.

"Address DELIA ROGERSON,
"Croftsborough, Maine."

"Cheap enough!" commented an elderly lady, who happened upon it. "Delia Rogerson—an old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like it, there'll be no harm done."

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady with false front hair, brown wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alpaca gown, and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess; lighted a wood fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them.

"Wonderful kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisps of gray hair and confided the false front to a box. "Wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week! She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty-stricken old creature."

But in spite of her worldly wisdom Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Mrs. Gresome complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there would be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission.

"What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare say?"

"Yes; a long, long time ago."

"Tell me about him—it?"

"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave father and mother, you know (they were both feeble), and he couldn't stay here. That's all."

"And you—you—"

"'Now all men beside are to me like shadows.'"

"And have you never heard of him since?"

"Yes. He wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a millstone about his neck. I didn't answer his letter."

"And supposing he should return some day, would you marry him?"

"I dare say," laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea were familiar, "let the neighbors laugh ever so wisely. I've thought of it sometimes, sitting alone, when the world was barren and commonplace. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry, to flavor every-day thinking and doing. I'm afraid you think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement."

"No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of eternal youth—it is as beautiful at fourscore as at 'sweet and twenty.' Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you would rather not."

"His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Captain Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing; though I never ask, and Stephen never asks for me, that I can hear."

Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with coyping for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away like the autumn leaves; all but old Mrs Clement.

"I believe I will stay on," she said. "I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?"

"Do you think my terms high?"

"By no means. But when one's purse is low—"

"Yes, I know. Do stay at your price. I can't spare you." She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides, one mouth more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went to bed hungry that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without there appearing to be "just a pattern." At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a hundred-dollar bill from an unknown friend.

"It can't be meant for me," she cried.

"It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother; "and there's nobody else of that name, now that your Aunt Delia's dead."

"We are not sure she's dead," objected Delia.

"Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt is dead or alive?" asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.

"It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherit her beauty with the name, though she was only our great-uncle's wife."

"She ought to be doing something for you."

"How can she if she's dead? I don't blame her, anyway. Her money is her own, to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and gave it to her."

"But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound."

"I suppose I should," replied Delia.

The winter wore away as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and wayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses, and dropped away again with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement stayed on and on. Just now she had been some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the attention of a nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her, without taking thought for the morrow.

"I must hear from my man-of-business to-morrow, Delia; I'm knee-deep in debt to you," she began one night.

"Don't mention it!" cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. You are welcome to stay and share pot-luck with us; you are such company for mother and me."

"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick on the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me just once, if you wouldn't mind. It's a hundred years or so since any one kissed me."

And the next morning, when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillows.

The first shock over, Delia wrote to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply Mr. Willis wrote:

"The late Mrs Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who have an abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity, as she has tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime I inclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure."

"What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will," thought Delia; but read, nevertheless:

"Being of sound mind, this 16th day of June, 18—, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave one hundred dollars to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property—viz., thirty thousand dollars invested in the Ingot Mining company, fifty thousand dollars in United States bonds, twenty thousand in Fortune Flannel mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson, Delia Rogerson, of Croftsborough, Maine."

"For I was a stranger, and ye took me in, hungry, and ye fed me; sick and ye ministered unto me."

"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. "What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Of course Steve Langdon will come and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!"

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it, in replying to letters from indigent people, who seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said, "I told you so."

"It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia," he said.

"And we are too old to think of it now, Steve."

"Nonsense! It's never too late too mend. I'm not rich, Delia, but I've enough for two and to spare."

"I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now," laughed Delia.

"Indeed! Then perhaps you have a better match in view. Captain Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with Squire Jones' interest."

"Yes. Squire Jones proposed to me last week."

"Now see here, Delia, have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love, Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone, and needs me—me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods and came."

"I'm glad that you did."

"In order that I may congratulate Squire Jones?"

"But I haven't accepted him. In fact I've refused him—because—"

"Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?"

In Croftsborough people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.

A True Home.

The following beautiful gem is floating around the press as a waif:

The most perfect home I ever saw was a little home into the sweet incense of whose altar fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars a year served as a living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of the home. Her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen. Even the dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created. Every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf, which in spite of her hard housework she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening there was no interruption of her influence. She has been, and always will be, my ideal of a wife, mother and home maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargement of wide culture, hers would have been the ideal of home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.

Powder, when exploding, exerts an elastic force one thousand times the pressure of the atmosphere.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

John Skae was arrested in San Francisco, drunk, the other night, and has gone to jail because he couldn't pay the $5 fine imposed by the court for the offense. In 1876 he could have sold his mining stocks for $10,000,000 but refused, and they slid out from under him so completely that $5 is beyond his call.

The total amount of United States registered bonds is $1,173,000,000. All are held in the United States except $27,894,000. $644,990,000, about half, are in the hands of seventy-three thousand corporations and individuals, not including national banks or foreign holders. Two-thirds, about $400,000,000, are held in amounts of over $50,000. Seven millions are held in sums of less than five hundred dollars.

A London paper says that "the queen has no wish to have her name associated with whisky. An enterprising American whisky manufacturer, it appears, recently sent the queen 'A beautiful barrel of the best distilled waters of Kentucky,' which he called Victoria whisky. He hoped thus to obtain an advertisement out of her majesty, but the queen showed her good sense by simply declining to receive it."

It isn't best to bring in a verdict until all the evidence is in. Deacon Gray, of Palmerston, Wis., detected one of his clerks in dishonesty. The young man was not prosecuted, and after a week of seclusion in his own room was allowed to depart from the town. In a prayer-meeting at the deacon's church he was warmly praised by the pastor for his supposed forbearance toward the sinner. This brought him to his feet with a confession that he deserved no credit. The fact was that he had whipped the clerk unmercifully, hurting him so severely that he had spent the week of retirement abed.

Complaints are made in England that dynamite can be purchased without difficulty in any part of the kingdom, and this with unfortunate results. Grenades of dynamite are employed to kill trout, and hardly a month is said to pass without reports of poachers using the explosive as a means of catching fish. It has been used also as a means of taking one's own life. A case reported from Yorkshire is of a drunken well-digger, who put an end to his days by exploding a cartridge in his mouth. His tongue, teeth and maxillary bones were blown to pieces, although his cheeks and lips, for some odd cause, suffered no harm at all.

During the month of July there were 102 railroad accidents, of which forty-one were in the nature of collisions, fifty-six of derailment, two of boiler explosions, two of broken connecting-rods and one was due to a broken wheel. Of the collisions twenty-three were from the rear, seventeen from in front and one from the side. The derailments were due to a variety of causes. Three were from broken rails, three from broken wheels, three from broken axles, two from broken trestles, two from broken bridges, one from spreading rails, three from accidental obstruction, eight from cattle on the track, four from washouts, one from land-slide, two from misplaced switches, and one each from runaway, flying switch, malicious obstruction, rail purposely removed, and sub-switch purposely misplaced, while nineteen are unaccounted for. Of the collisions, as far as explained, eight came about by trains breaking in two, four by mistakes or neglect to obey orders, three by misplaced switches and one by fog. The record for the year shows that the greatest number of accidents occurred in January and the smallest in April. The average of deaths by accident was 1 1-4 daily.

A Baby Mermaid.

James Garrison, Jr., of Camden, N. J., was fishing off Brigantine beach in company with a yachting party, and caught a fish that answers to the description of a mermaid. He gives this account of the capture:

I changed the bait and threw the line in another direction. Pretty soon I felt a strong jerk, and I thought I had a good-sized fish. I pulled in the line rapidly, thinking I had on a flounder, but you could have floored me with a feather when I hauled that thing on deck. The captain yelled out, "Shiver my topgallants, Garrison, but you've caught a mermaid." I sat down and looked at the thing flopping around, and almost expected it to walk up and speak to me. I took the hook out of its mouth and put it in a pail of water, but it lived only two hours. Why, I felt as though I were killing a human being when I pulled the barb out of its flesh. It looked so much like a dying child, that the captain, who is a trifle superstitious, wanted to talk to it, and felt so sorry that he almost blubbered like a girl. I brought it up to Camden, intending to preserve it in alcohol, but Brooker wanted it, and I guess he'll preserve it.

The Philadelphia *Times* describes the fish:

The object in question, described by many as a mermaid from its resemblance to the human family, hung by a string on the wall, and was being inspected by a crowd of the curious. It was about two and a half feet in length, and so many points of resemblance to a new-born child did it have that many persons manifested little reluctance in pronouncing it a genuine baby mermaid. Its body, with the exception of the feet and tail and the location of the arms, was in appearance the same as that of a child and might be described as a revised version of a skinned monkey. The head ran to a peak at the top and was set on a short neck and well-defined shoulders. The eyes were sunken and were covered in lieu of eyelids with gristly scales. The nose was quite prominent and ended in the mouth, the lips of which were of a hard, grisly flesh, and fringed with eight teeth on the inside—four upper and four lower. The tongue bore an almost perfect resemblance to the human tongue, and back of it could be seen two small tonsils. The breast and abdomen were remarkably similar to those of man, the ribs being well formed, but about forty in number. The arms extended to the hips and terminated in five fingers, with claw-like nails, the joints being at the point of connection with the body. The legs were long, terminating in fins, and bore resemblance to those of a baby. At the end of the backbone a well-defined tail, five inches in length, protruded, ending vertically in two small fins. Strange to say there was not the sign of a scale, a soft, fleshy skin covering the entire body, which was destitute of hair. The weight of the creature was about six pounds.

Dr. O. B. Gross, of Camden, says that the animal is the young male of the sharp-nosed ray. The species, he declares, is very common on these coasts, though the young are rarely seen. The pectoral fins, which are large and fleshy, are tied on the back in such a peculiar way as to give color to the mermaid legend.

An old man-of-war sailor, who had lost a leg in the service of his country, became a retailer of peanuts. He said he was obliged to be a retailer because, having lost a leg, he could not be a whole sailor.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Make the Ground Count.

We have learned one mistake we have made for years past, and that is covering too much ground with too few plants. Vacancies not only make a loss, but are expensive every way—in preparation and cultivation of soil, in extra expenses for manure, and interest and tax on land. We are too apt to be ambitious as to having a great number of acres planted, regardless of the yield, expense, etc. We will guarantee that, as a rule, persons having the least land get the most fruit from their land in proportion to the number of acres, and make the most money.—*Fruit Recorder.*

A Valuable Table.

The following table will show the number of checks or hills contained in an acre of ground at certain distances:

1 foot apart each way,	43,560
2 feet apart each way,	10,890
3 feet apart each way,	4,845
4 feet apart each way,	2,722
5 feet apart each way,	1,740
6 feet apart each way,	1,210
9 feet apart each way,	597
10 feet apart each way,	435
12 feet apart each way,	302
15 feet apart each way,	193
20 feet apart each way,	108
25 feet apart each way,	69
30 feet apart each way,	48
40 feet apart each way,	27

Cuttings.

M. Loiseau recommends that the usual method of striking cuttings should be altered. When, he observes, a cutting is put in perpendicularly, the sap, the natural tendency of which is to rise, is expended in pushing forward a new bud instead of forming a root. But if it is laid horizontally, or even with its lower end higher than the upper, that is not the case; the sap prefers to move toward the higher end, or at all events is evenly distributed between the two extremities. This causes the callus to form so rapidly that if the cuttings are put into a warm place eight or ten days are enough to secure its formation or even that of the roots. Autumn cuttings taken off a little before the sap ceases to move, and treated in this manner, form the callus so quickly that they are ready for planting out before winter. In winter it is necessary to keep the cuttings in a gentle heat, or beneath leaves deep enough to keep off frost, and even then a callus will be found to have formed by spring time.

The Grape.

Many vine-growers, says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, experience great disappointment between the budding and ripening of their grapes. In spring the leaves and sprays shoot forth abundantly and the "blossoms" appear in gratifying profusion. As summer advances the growth of the berries is at first satisfactory, and then a reverse commences. Some shrivel up, others mildew and many drop off, the curculio takes a share and general deterioration ensues. If the trunks of the vines are large and the branches extensive these changes are only the more remarkable. But larger vines absolutely require to be profusely watered, for the proportion of water in the skin of the grape is evidently very considerable, and every drop ascends through the pores of the trunk. If the vines are near the dwelling waste washing water, soapsuds, etc., cannot be poured too profusely on the roots. We have known young trees, vines, etc., rescued from death by drought by the profuse watering of their roots. Again, the paper bag protection to the bunches is well worth trying. Old vine growers near this city find it to succeed admirably. There are few noble grape "trees" in this neighborhood which rival in size and production the famous Black Hamburg at Hampton Court, England, but they are well cared for by their owners, although in our latitude it is not necessary to keep them in glass houses. He who hath a thriving vineyard hath a good possession.

Raising Calves on Skimmilk.

A. B. Allen, writing to the *Western Agriculturist*, gives some advice on raising calves. He says: A friend who has a large dairy in the western part of the State of New York informs me that he has kept twenty-four grade shorthorn and Guernsey calves, dropped the last spring, in the following manner: They were allowed to suck their dams a few times immediately after birth, and then taken away and taught to drink milk from the pail. This was warm and fresh from the cows for a week or ten days, and then skimmilk was gradually mixed with it till substituted entirely for the new milk. This was frequently lobbered, in very hot weather, before feeding, and was thought all the better for it, as being more easily digested. The calves were put into a good pasture and at a few weeks old began to nibble the grass. The summer being very dry this failed considerably during August; cut hay mixed up with wheat shorts were then given in place of it. One may judge how well these calves throve when simply fed, for at six to seven months old they weighed from 500 to 600 pounds each. The cream from the milk of the dams of the calves was made into butter of first rate quality, stored till October, and then brought a good price. Many think that choice calvers cannot be well raised on skimmilk, and therefore feed all new milk to them. But I think this is wasting the cream on such as are designed to grow up for dairy cows and that they are all the better for this purpose when reared on the quality of milk which is the least fattening and gives the most muscle. Many a shorthorn heifer is injured for the dairy by being overfed and kept too fat from its birth up to three years old, when it is the usual time for it to drop its first calf. As fed above the calves occasionally scoured, and to stop this some astringent medicine had to be given in their food. But if a heaping tablespoonful of oilmeal, gradually increasing to a pint for each calf as it grew older, had been made into a gruel and mixed daily with the skimmilk, it would have prevented scouring, kept the bowels in good order and made them relish their other food more heartily. Flaxseed boiled to a jelly answers the same purpose, also if ground mixed with oats, one-fourth of the former to three-fourths of the latter, and then a quart or more, according to the age of the calf, fed daily, is a good substitute for the oatmeal.

Recipes.

SWEET APPLE PICKLES.—Sweet apples make delicious pickles; peel and quarter them, boil them until tender in vinegar and water; to one quart of vinegar add two pounds of sugar; heat the vinegar and dissolve the sugar in it; add cloves and cinnamon, and pour over the apples while hot.

CRANBERRY ROLL.—Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning. Make very sweet, strain and cool. Make a paste, and when the cranberry is cold spread it on the paste about an inch thick. Roll it, tie it close in a flannel cloth, boil two hours and serve with a sweet sauce. Stewed apples or other fruit may be used in the same way.

AN APPETIZING DISH.—One of the most appetizing dishes that can be placed before a hungry family, and which may tempt the appetite of one who isn't hungry, is made in this way: Take one dozen ears of corn, grate it, stir in four eggs, one-fourth of a cup of flour, a little salt, and fry in hot lard; if the corn is not milky add a little milk or cream. This is next to fried oysters.

TO STEW VEAL CUTLETS.—Cut them about half an inch thick, flatten them with a chopper, and fry them in fresh butter or dripping. When brown on one side turn and do them on the other, continuing to do so till they are thoroughly done, which will be in about a quarter of an hour. Make a gravy of some trimmings, which put into a stewpan with a bit of soft butter, an onion, a roll of lemon peel, a blade of mace, some thyme, parsley, and stew the whole over a slow fire for an hour, and then strain it; put one ounce of butter into another pan, and when melted mix with as much flour as will dry it up; stir this for a few minutes, then add the gravy by degrees till the whole is mixed; boil it five minutes, then strain it through a sieve and put it to the cutlets. Some browning may be added, together with mushroom or walnut catsup, or lemon pickle.

TO DRY PUMPKINS.—Take ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates, in layers some half an inch thick; dry it in a stove oven, which should be kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can then be stowed away in a dry place, and are always ready for use, either for pies or stewing. The quick drying after cooking prevents the souring which is almost always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried, while the flavor is much better preserved and the after cooking dispensed with. On going to use, soak portions of the article in a little milk over night, when it will return to as delicious a pulp as if made of a pumpkin when fresh.

An Engineer's Race for Life.

At Pantano Wednesday afternoon the brakes of a flat car loaded with ties became loosened in some inexplicable manner and the car began to move down the steep grade toward Cienega. A bystander jumped aboard and endeavored to tighten the brakes. He, however, found them unmanageable. Another tried and failed. A regular brakeman then boarded the car and quickly discovered that the brakes were out of order. The car by that time had increased its speed to fully twenty miles an hour, and to remain upon it would be almost sure death when the first washout was reached. He therefore called to the other two men on the car to jump and this they did. Engineer Frank Shaw at this time was sitting on his engine at Patano and attached to his locomotive was a car filled with Chinamen. He at once realized the terrible result if this runaway flat car was allowed to proceed unchecked on its way, for a score or more of laborers were engaged far down a deep gulch in the Cienega pass strengthening the braces of a broken bridge that spanned it. They would not be able to hear the approaching car and it would soon crash through the weakened timbers and probably crush many beneath its weight. As these thoughts flashed through his mind he pulled wide open the throttle-valve and started in pursuit of the fast-receding car. It was a race for life, and Shaw was soon thundering down the track at sixty miles an hour, with the car-load of terrified Chinamen behind him. The flat car ahead was increasing in speed at every turn of the wheels, and the grade there is very steep. The locomotive, however, kept gaining, and finally Shaw, placing the lever in charge of his fireman, crawled to the cow-catcher, and, taking the heavy coupling-rod in his hand, stood in that perilous position until the car was reached. The chasm where the men were working came in sight, and still the fugitive car was two hundred yards away. He called to his fireman to open wider the valve, and the laboring engine made a lurch that showed she had felt the increased volume of steam. They sped on with lightning rapidity. The space between them gradually lessened. Shaw stood with the rod in one hand and the coupling-pin in the other. Finally the few feet disappeared, and with a dexterity that comes from practice and a cool brain the coupling was made. The locomotive was reversed and the train came to a standstill within fifty feet of the bridge. This is the way one man saved many lives.—*Tucson (Ar.) Journal.*

How Sponges are Caught.

A correspondent of the New Haven (Conn.) *Register* tells how they fish for sponges in the Bahamas: When a vessel arrives at the fishing ground it is anchored, and the men in small boats proceed to look for sponges in the water below. The water is a beautiful light blue color, and so clear a sixpence can easily be seen on the white, sandy bottom in thirty-five to forty feet of water. Of course when there is no wind, and the surface of the water is still, the sponges are easily seen, but when a gentle breeze is blowing a "sea-glass" is used. A sea-glass consists of a square pine box about twenty inches in length, a pane of glass about 10x12 inches placed in one end, water-tight. To use it, the glass end is thrust into the water, and the face of the operator is placed close to the other. By this means the wave motions of the water are overcome, and the bottom readily seen. Sponges when seen on the bottom attached to rocks, look like a big black bunch. They are pulled off their natural beds by forked hooks, which are run down under the sponge, which is formed like the head of a cabbage, and the roots pulled from the rocks.

When brought to the surface it is a mass of soft, glutinous stuff, which to the touch feels like soap or thick jelly. When a small boat load is obtained they are taken to the shore, where a crawl is built in which they are placed to die, so that the jelly substance will readily separate from the firm fiber of the sponge. These crawls are built by sticking pieces of brush into the sand out of the water, large enough to contain the catch. It takes from five to six days for the insect to die, when the sponges are beaten with small sticks, and the black glutinous substance falls off, leaving the sponge, after a thorough washing, ready for market. To the fishermen generally the occupation is not a lucrative one. I am told the wages will hardly average three dollars per week, besides board. There is but little diving for sponges, except for a particularly fine bunch which cannot be got with the hook. The sponge is formed by small insects, and is the hive in which they live. Different qualities are found growing side by side, although in certain regions the finer and more valuable sponges are found.

The Work of the Elevators.

A curious calculation, and one quite interesting withal, was recently made by one who had occasion to use the elevators in some of the lofty buildings on Broadway quite frequently. For eleven of the twelve calls he had to enter an elevator, but twice he retraced his steps. Adding up the number of stories, he went up sixty-two stories or a total height of 806 feet, allowing an average of thirteen feet to each story—a very small average. This is nearly twice the height of the great pyramid of Egypt, and any traveler who goes to the top of the great pyramid in less than half an hour on a hot day will be able to estimate the saving in strength effected by the New York elevators.

The Bray of the Mexican Donkey.

The New Orleans *Democrat* recounts the many good qualities of the Mexican burro that has lately been introduced into that city as a child's horse, who, it seems, can banquet on splinters and scraps, carry immense loads, and is faithful, uncomplaining, docile and tireless; but, "we regret to say," continues the *Democrat*, "the burro brays. Amazing as is his strength, his stamina, his amiability, his courage, these things are as nothing compared to his bray. That such a tremendous and far-reaching sound should emanate from such a small a source constitutes the eighth wonder of the world.

"When the little blue burro—they are nearly all blue—concludes to celebrate his scanty period of relaxation by a good, healthy, whole-souled bray—when he humps his little back, and shuts his appealing little eyes, and lets his ears lie along his back, and then gathers himself into one ecstatic note, it is enough to make one envy the sainted dead and long for the cold and silent grave. The sleepers for a mile around start up with the sweat of terror on their furrowed brows, children fall down in fits, the sick believe they have heard Gabriel's horn, and the very atmosphere shudders like a human creature. Burros don't often bray, because they haven't much time for braying; but they bray sometimes, and that is what keeps them so low in the scale of animated nature. Without his bray the burro would be little short of an angel. As he is, however, he is an animal to be admired at a distance and in the abstract."

[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

A Prominent Lawyer's Opinion.

In one of our New England exchanges we observe that Wm. T. Filley, Esq., Attorney at Law and Asst. Judge Police Court, and late County Commissioner, was restored to perfect health and activity by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He had suffered with rheumatism for years intensely; but by the recent use of the remedy he was, as stated, completely cured, and says the Oil deserves the highest praise.

It is said that the presence of glucose in sugar can be detected in this way: Take a handful of the mixture and drop it into a glass of cold water. Stir it a few minutes, and you will note that the cane sugar is entirely dissolved, leaving the grape sugar undissolved at the bottom of the glass, in the form of a white, sticky substance not at all unlike starch in looks, and quite bitter to the taste. It won't do to use hot water in your test, however, for if you do the whole thing will dissolve."

[Gouverneur (N. Y.) Herald.]

With great pleasure we can recommend as a radical cure for rheumatism St. Jacobs Oil. This wonderful remedy has been extensively used by a large number of people who daily testify to its marvelous effects.

"Here lies the youngest of twenty-nine brothers and three sisters." Such is the inscription on the stone that marks the last resting-place of General Marston G. Clark, at Salem, Washington county, Ind. He was a brave man and had a great deal to do with the victory at Tippecanoe, which made General Harrison famous.

You Can be Happy

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. See "Proverbs" in another column.

Sitting Bull is getting fat and correspondingly saucy. A few days in the guard-house and short rations would do that gentleman good.

A Ministerial Statement.

Rev. C. A. Harvey, D. D., is the popular financial secretary of Howard University, and is specially fitted to judge of merit and demerit. In a recent letter from Washington to a friend he said: "I have for two years past been acquainted with the remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and with its remarkable curative efficiency in obstinate and so called incurable cases of Bright's disease in this city. In some of these cases, which seemed to be in the last stages, and which had been given up by practitioners of both schools, the speedy change wrought by this remedy seemed but little less than miraculous. I am convinced that for Bright's Disease in all its stages, including the first symptoms, which seem so slight, but are so dangerous, no remedy heretofore discovered can be held for one moment in comparison with this."

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, is very despondent as regards the President. He is certain that Mr. Garfield cannot long survive.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

25 Cents Will Buy

a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by New York Newspaper Union, 150 Worth Street, New York.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs. 15c.

See advertisement of P. O. Vickery for agents in another column. Mr. Vickery is Mayor of the city of Augusta, Maine, which is a sure guarantee that all will be justly dealt with.

The soft and silky appearance given to the hair by the use of CARBOLINE, the natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, is the subject of general remark by all who have witnessed its effects.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

The Growth of Disease.

Diseases multiply—beget one another. For instance, in companionship with dyspepsia are usually found biliousness and constipation. A trivial (so-called) indisposition, if disregarded, grows apace, and growing gives rise to others. Thus the whole body gets out of order, the nervous system is shattered, and strength and flesh rapidly wane. Prompt medication, therefore, is of the utmost importance. Among medicinal means of arresting disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters stands pre-eminent. It checks the further progress of all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, revives the vital stamina, prevents and remedies chills and fever, increases the activity of the kidneys, counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, and is a genuine stay and solace to aged, infirm and nervous persons. The article is moreover derived from the purest and most reliable sources.

Mrs. Dominis, a sister of King Kalakua, and the wife of an American shipmaster at Hawaii, acts as regent of the kingdom in her brother's absence.

Can't Preach Good.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition, when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other column.

No matter how tight a man's boots may fit there is always room for snakes to get into them.

VEGETINE.—For eradicating all impurities of the blood from the system it has no equal. It has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half-dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

WARRANTED FOR 34 YEARS

AND NEVER FAILED

To CURE Croup, Spasms, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Sea Sickness, taken internally, and GUARANTEED perfectly harmless; also externally, Cuts, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pains in the limbs, back and chest. Such a remedy is DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

☞ No one once trying it will ever be without it; over 600 physicians use it.

25 Cents will Buy a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by NEW YORK NEWSPAPER UNION, 150 Worth Street, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef Cattle—Med. Nat. live wt.	7	@	11½
Calves—Good to Prime Veals.	6	@	7
Sheep	4	@	6
Lambs	5½	@	6½
Hogs—Live	6¾	@	7
Dressed, city	8¼	@	8½
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	6 60	@	6 75
Western, good to fancy	6 60	@	8 50
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 44½	@	1 45½
No. 1 White	1 43½	@	1 43½
Rye—State	1 05	@	1 05
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@	1 00
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	63	@	72
Southern Yellow	57	@	57
Oats—White State	46	@	48½
Mixed Western	39½	@	43
Hay—Medium to Prime Tim'y.	65	@	90
Straw—No. 1	85	@	95
Hops—State, 1880	12	@	31
Pork—Mess, new, for export	18 37½	@	18 75
Lard—City Steam	11 35	@	11 35
Refined	11 50	@	11 50
Petroleum—Crude	6½	@	7½
Refined	7½	@	7¾
Butter—State Creamery	18	@	29
Dairy	21	@	23
Western Im. Creamery	16	@	19
Factory	11	@	18
Cheese—State Factory	8	@	11¼
Skims	4	@	7½
Western	10	@	10½
Eggs—State and Penn	20½	@	21
Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl	1 50	@	2 25
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Extra	6 00	@	6 60
Lambs—Western	5 00	@	5 25
Sheep—Western	4 25	@	4 50
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	6 25	@	6 50
Flour—C'y Ground, No. 1 Spring	6 75	@	7 25
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 40	@	1 40
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	69	@	69
Oats—State	37	@	38
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@	90
BOSTON.			
Beef—Extra plate and family	15 00	@	16 00
Hogs—Live	7¼	@	7½
Hogs—City Dressed	8¼	@	8½
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	14 50	@	15 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	7 00	@	8 25
Corn—Mixed and Yellow	68½	@	71
Oats—Extra White	56	@	58
Rye—State	95	@	1 00
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	42	@	44
Unwashed "	29	@	30
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef Cattle—Live weight	4	@	6¾
Sheep	4	@	5
Lambs	5	@	6¾
Hogs, Northern	8¼	@	8¾
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	6 50	@	6 50
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 41½	@	1 43
Rye—State	50	@	75
Corn—State Yellow	74	@	75
Oats—Mixed	38	@	38½
Butter—Creamery, Extra Pa	30	@	31
Cheese—New York Full Cream	12½	@	12½
Petroleum—Crude	6½	@	7
Refined	7½	@	7¾

Vegetine.

A Home in the Celestial City.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., December 18, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

About nine and a half years ago I had a fever; the doctor gave me some poisonous medicine, drove the disease into my leg, and it broke out, and has been from two to ten running sores ever since. I could not sleep a fourth of a night once in six months, and a great many nights was compelled to get up and take opium—a piece as large as a pea—to deaden the pain. I have tried everything I could hear of; in fact, I have paid out hundreds of dollars, and found no relief until I commenced taking VEGETINE, and now I can go to bed at eight o'clock at night and sleep until seven o'clock in the morning, and no occasion to waken from pain. I was used up, perfectly dead inwardly, and frequently when I would get up would be dizzy, and have to put my hand on something to keep from falling; but since I commenced taking VEGETINE it has all disappeared, and I feel like a *new* man. My honest conviction is that it will cure my leg entirely, from the present looks and feelings. I shall continue taking VEGETINE, and recommend it to all whom I come across; and I hope the man who introduced VEGETINE into the United States will have a home in the Celestial City.

Yours most sincerely, W. S. LEACH.

Mr. Leach is a gentleman well known here, and is the owner of the *celebrated Turbine Water Wheel.*

Vegetine

COMPLETELY CURED ME.

NEWPORT, Ky., February 26, 1877

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

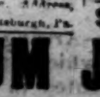
Dear Sir—I write to say that seven bottles of your VEGETINE have completely cured me from a very severe case of *Scrofula*, of many years' standing, after trying many medicines and doctoring a great deal. I am now free from all sores, and can work as well as ever, and think the VEGETINE is a god-send and no one ought to do without it.

I remain, respectfully yours,
J. A. PATRICK.

VEGETINE is now prescribed in cases of Scrofula, and other diseases of the blood, by many of the best physicians, owing to its great success in curing all diseases of this nature.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY. The "original and only" Prof. MARTINEZ the Great Spanish Seer and Wizard will for 30 cents with age, height, color of eyes, and lock of hair, send a CORRECT PICTURE of your future husband or wife, psychologically predicted, with name, time and place of meeting, and date of marriage. Money returned to all not satisfied. Address Prof. L. Martinez, 10 Mont'y Pl. Boston, Mass.



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Used and approved by the leading PHYSICIANS of EUROPE and AMERICA.

The most Valuable Family Remedy known.

VASELINE

For the Treatment of WOUNDS, BURNS, SORES, CUTS, CHILBLAINS, SKIN DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, CATARRH, HEMORRHOIDS, Etc. Also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup and Diphtheria, etc.

☞ Try them. 25 and 50 cent sizes of all our goods.

The Toilet Articles from pure Vaseline—such as Pomade Vaseline, Vaseline Cold Cream, Vaseline Camphor Ice, Vaseline Toilet Soaps, are superior to any similar ones.

VASELINE CONFECTIONS. An agreeable form of taking Vaseline internally. 25 CENTS A BOX.

GRAND MEDAL AT THE PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION. SILVER MEDAL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

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PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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AMERICAN AND FOREIGN

PATENTS

GEORGE E. LEMON, Att'y at Law, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

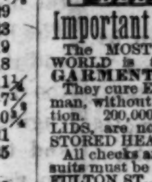
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop B

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.



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The MOST MARVELOUS INVENTION in the WORLD is the "WILSONIA" MAGNETIC GARMENTS. They cure EVERY FORM OF DISEASE known to man, without medicine, changes of diet, or occupation. 200,000 PERSONS, once HELPLESS INVALIDS, are now rejoicing in the blessings of RESTORED HEALTH.

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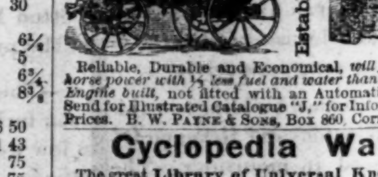

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Reliable, Durable and Economical, *will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other Engine built, not fitted with an Automatic Cut-off.* Send for Illustrated Catalogue "J," for Information & Prices. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 860, Corning, N.Y.

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The great Library of Universal Knowledge now completed, large type edition, nearly 40,000 topics in every department of human knowledge, about 40 per cent. larger than Chambers' Encyclopedia, 10 per cent. larger than Appleton's, 20 per cent. larger than Johnson's, at a mere fraction of their cost. Fifteen large Octavo Volumes, nearly 13,000 pages, complete in cloth binding, $15; in half Russia, $20; in full library sheep, marbled edges, $25. Special terms to clubs.

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NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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GARFIELD

It contains the full history of his very eventful life and the dastardly attempt to assassinate him. Millions of people are waiting for this book. The best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catchpenny" imitations. This is the only authentic and fully illustrated life of Garfield. Send for circulars and extra terms to agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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In the stock of the Denver Land and Improvement Company. Profits more than two per cent. per month. Absolutely safe. No personal liability. Deal only in Denver Real Estate. Dividends paid regularly. Organized by prominent business men of Denver. Refer to any of our banks or business men of Denver. Any number of shares at Ten Dollars each, sent by mail on receipt of money. Circulars sent free. Address ARCHIE C. FISK, President, A. H. ESTES, Treasurer; M. H. SMITH, Secretary.

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To the first person telling us how many times the word "Father" appears in the New Testament Scriptures, before Nov. 1st, 1881, we will send $10 in gold, and a copy of Shaver's Monthly Musical Review, containing several pieces of new music, songs, news items, etc. As our offer is for the purpose of increasing our circulation, each competitor must send 25 cents for a copy. Time allowance given those living at a distance. Address Shaver's Monthly Musical Review, Erie, Pa.

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ALLEN'S Brain Food—cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs, $1—all druggists. Send for Circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 313 First av., N.Y.

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